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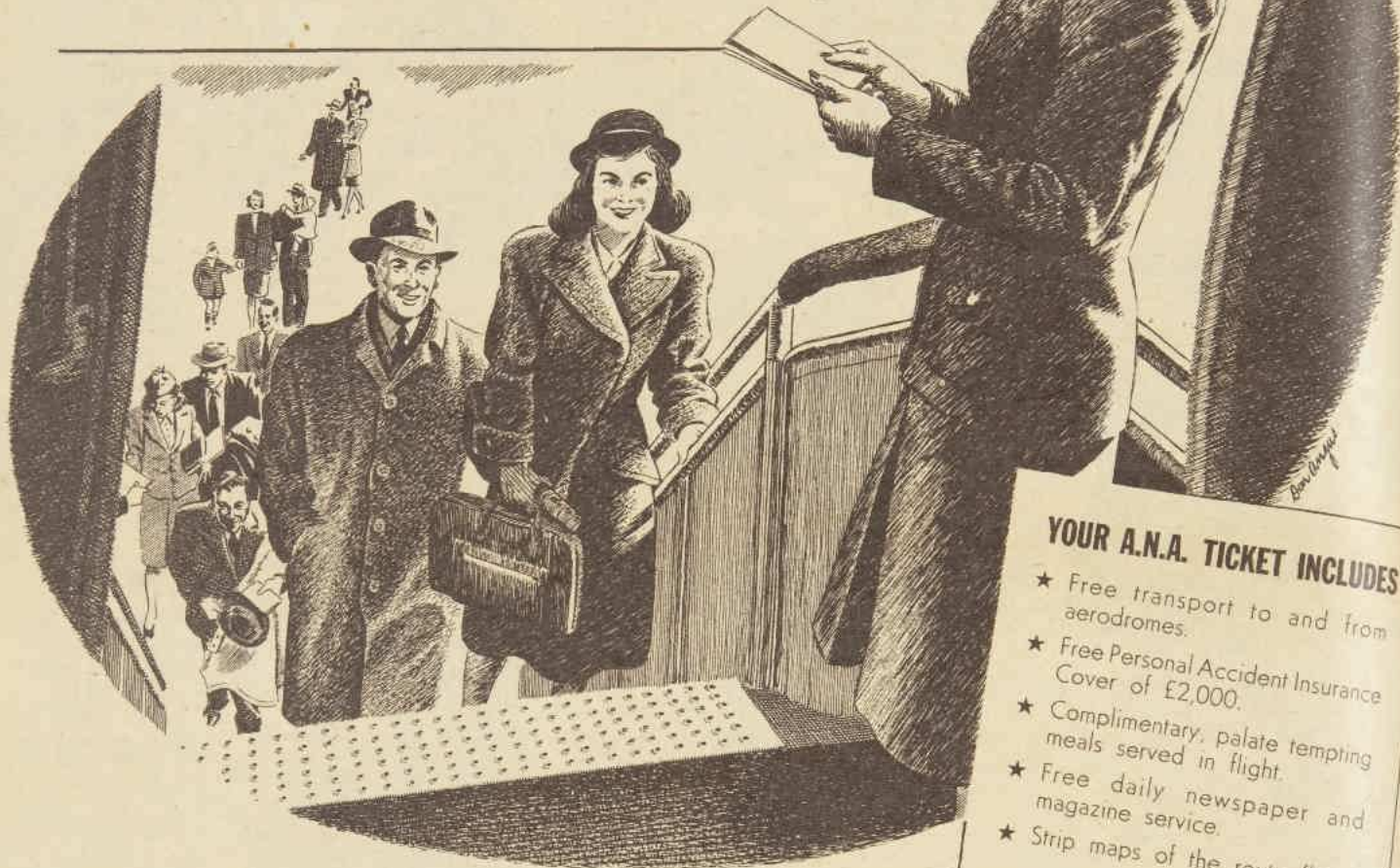
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# DANGER and a REDHEAD

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7 OCT 1947

By RONA RANDALL

MARK met the gipsy caravan on the narrow bridge by the old mill. It was a question of who should give way to whom—and it was easier for a car to reverse. With a smothered oath, he yielded. The old woman jingled the reins she held, and cackled. He scowled even more when the caravan, once over the bridge, stopped again and the old hag called to him. "It will be a good day for ye, sir, if ye'll let it."

He scowled again, aggravated by her slowness and the fact that she was still blocking his way. The stench from her pipe was like that from a foul chimney, and she had black eyes like bright nuts set in wrinkled skin.

She lifted a nobbly hand, and, taking the pipe out of her mouth, asked, "Feeling ill-humored, maybe, sir?"

"I want to pass. I'm in a hurry!"

"Hurrying be no use," pondered the old hag. "The night will fall an' the sun will rise and all tha' haste won't alter them. Folks waste a deal of time hurrying."

"Evidently you are not one of them!"

"An' so I see more, because I have the time to, sir. I've had a long life because I haven't hurried through it. But ye, sir—ye waste half your time hurrying. Don't waste the precious days, sir. Don't waste to-day."

"That's precisely what I am doing at this moment," he retorted. "Thanks to you."

Deliberately, the pipe went back into her mouth. "Holdin' ye up, am I, sir? Ye won't be sorry. Heed what old Lena says. Check tha' impatience and the day will be good. Rush through it and ye'll miss a lot. Things lie in wait for ye!"

He laughed impatiently. "Things lie in wait for all of us, don't they?"

"Ay, but ye're trying to run away from them, sir."

He stared at her. How the devil did the old hag know that? He had packed a bag, hastily, shortly after dawn, flung himself into his car, and driven off to "Tangletrees" in a fury of haste. And all to escape a telephone—a telephone which never ceased ringing. His agents, or the theatre syndicate, or some predatory



Cymbeline

female on the scent of a new part, or—Cymbeline.

He had written his most successful play about her. It was still running. And so was Cymbeline—running after him!

The old hag, perched like a withered parrot upon the driving-seat above him, regarded him intently. The fumes from her pipe swirled in a fog about her head.

Mark revved his engine noisily, but she did not heed. She would not let him pass until she was ready to, that was obvious. So he sighed, and waited.

Slowly she removed the pipe, her black eyes still regarding him intently. "Running away, that's what ye're doing sir. But it won't help ye," she chuckled. "Ye have much, sir. Life has been generous to ye. But watch—watch. I see danger, sir. Danger and a redhead."

"Rubbish!" Mark retorted, and tossed her a coin.

It was uncanny, the way she caught it, not thrusting out her wrinkled hand until the coin was right in front of her. A second later it would have lain among the long grass. At the precise moment of balance, out came the claw. Mark smiled wryly. That was all the old hag wanted, of course.

"Rubbish, is it?" snapped the old woman. "I take no silver for rubbish, sir!" And she flung the coin back.

It chinked against the open window before falling with a little thud upon the seat beside him.

Mark stared, amazed. He felt that somehow he ought to apologise, and then his sense of humor

stirred. This was the first time in his life that a woman had scorned him. He smiled wryly at the thought that it was a ragged old gipsy to whom half-a-crown should be more than acceptable.

Seeing his smile, the old face crinkled again. "Surprised ye, eh? Well, old Lena's a bit surprised herself. I've never bin averse to having me palm crossed, sir, but I've never had my warnings doubted afore. Heed 'em, sir. And when they come true you'll find me camped down yonder in Jason's Hollow. I'll take tha' half-crown then."

Mark laughed aloud. "I still think it nonsense, Lena."

She smiled a slow, age-old smile. "Nonsense can be very pleasant, sir, and so can danger." Abruptly she moved out of his way. He heard the creak and groan of the caravan wheels as they crunched down the lane and, with a short laugh, he drove over the narrow bridge and soon forgot all about her.

Within ten minutes he was at "Tangletrees." He saw the subdued red of the roof slumbering in the sunshine, a warm splash of rust among trees.

"Tangletrees" was his retreat, his refuge, his private oasis of peace. He sought it when life in London became too crowded, too cluttered, too noisy with other people's effusive voices, and incessant telephone bells, and parties from which he could not escape.

He should be going to one to-night—with Cymbeline. He thought, with a strange satisfaction, of her dressed and waiting for him. She was altogether too possessive, was Cymbeline, even when a man did not belong to her.

When he did not arrive on the

dot to-night she would be ringing to find out why—and a telephone which gave no answer would not deter her. She was an impatient, impulsive, determined young woman. She would simply call a taxi and descend upon his flat. The thought of her hammering upon his front door and being frustrated pleased Mark greatly.

Mark Dillon was a spoilt young man. Success had come to him too easily—and too early. Consequently he was bored. Life was dull when it poured into one's lap the things which were more fun when worked for. Not that Mark did not work; he piled his trade as a writer diligently and regularly, for it was the breath of life to him, but he had never known struggle.

He had three plays running in London now; one in the hands of his agents; another in the process of being written. In the peace and quiet of "Tangletrees," he proposed to finish it.

Jenner, the old man from the village who kept the house clean and aired in his absence, had evidently received his wire in time, and with typical diligence got to work at once.

He shuffled from the kitchen to meet him. His red face smiled a welcome. He liked the young man he served. Mr. Dillon treated him well, was never rude, and thanked him always for any small service. Mr. Dillon, in old Jenner's opinion, was a gentleman.

"It's good to see you back, sir." "Good to be back, Jenner." "Will you be staying for long, sir? You didn't say in your wire—"

Please turn to page 12



# And Then HE WENT AWAY

By ...

THELMA  
STRABEL



MARGRIT KROLLER, American-born Swiss girl, is tortured with anxiety as to the fate of "Mac," crashed American airman whom she helped evade internment. He had planned to return and marry her at the end of the war, but she has had no further word from him. BILL ANTHONY, American sergeant on leave from the Occupation Army, helps her try to trace "Mac." Together they find the bicycle on which "Mac" rode away at the house of a Dutch painter, VAN HOOGEN, but the man denies all knowledge of any American.

Meanwhile there had been a mysterious burglary at the Kroller home, causing great agitation to CONRAD KROLLER, Margrit's stepfather, and that night a shot is fired at Bill when he goes to the library for cigarettes.

Now read on:

FROM the kitchen Margrit heard a sound like a branch cracking under its weight of snow, then, instantaneously it seemed, the crash of glass. She knocked over the kitchen chair as she jumped up and ran down the hall to the library with Peter barking at her heels and her heart knocking frantically at her throat.

As she reached the library door the light in the room went out and the sudden darkness surged out to meet the darkness of the hall like a black wave rolling over her.

"Bill!" she cried. "What happened? Where are you?"

"It's all right," his voice reassured her, then she saw his tall figure moving towards her and heard his quick step.

"But what happened? Be quiet, Peter!" She pushed against the

Doberman lightly with her toe and felt along the wall for the light switch that should be there.

Bill must have sensed her gesture in the dim light that filtered into the hall from the library for he said sharply, "Don't turn on the light yet." With a long stride he was at her side.

"A bullet just came through the window," he said tensely. "It missed me by quite a comfortable margin, though."

"A bullet!" Her hand went out instinctively and found the rough comfort of his sleeve. "Someone fired through the window?" The words seemed to die away quickly in the big hall as though aware of their incongruity there, bouncing against the solid wall panelling, the massive clock, the solid brass sconces.

"That's right," Bill said. "I'm going outside to have a look."

"No, please don't! Something might happen to you. Don't go. I'm frightened."

She felt as she had when the air-raid alarms used to come and she watched the city below going dark, as though slipping away from her into a dark sea.

"We're all right," Bill's fingers ran up and down the nape of her neck, as though he was gentling a nervous racehorse. "We'd better telephone the police though."

"A shot fired through the window? At you, Herr Sergeant?" Conrad Kroller said in surprise.

"We'd have to go into the library and turn on the light. Not yet, please. It must have been that thief coming back."

"That doesn't seem very logical." His hand had dropped to her shoulder. "We can't just keep on standing here."

She had an idea just then. "We'll let Peter out. After all, he was trained as a war dog. If there's anyone still lurking about, he'll let us know."

They took Peter to the door and opened it, and Margrit knelt beside him on one knee, holding his collar.

"Go, Peter." She gave the crisp command in German. "Get him!"

The Doberman's finely sculptured body quivered and a growl vibrated in his throat, but he didn't bark. When Margrit released her grip he sprang forward and they could hear the sharpness of his nails on the icy porch.

Then he leaped down the stairs, hesitated, his head up, growled again, and was off, going towards the left side of the house towards the cliff.

Bill and Margrit stood back in the doorway, their fingers touching, the cold wind sweeping against them. In a minute or so they caught the flash of Peter's dark body against the snowy cliff as he ran parallel and forward with it.

Obviously whatever he sought was up there. He was making for the steps, cut into the rock and bordered by shrubs, that led from the chalet grounds to the higher level of the doctor's house, which was dark now. Dr. Ruegg was not yet due home from his day at the clinic in Basel, and he usually gave his housekeeper, Gertrud, this afternoon for herself.

"He's after something, all right," Bill said excitedly, but he was proved to be wrong.

Soon after the dog vanished in the darkness they heard him give a couple of short, inquiring barks. Then in a very short time he was back. He came unhurriedly up the stairs and into the house, still panting, but with an air of being satisfied himself concerning the situation.

"Well, whoever our character was, he's disappeared into the woods," Bill closed the door.

"Someone breaking into a house you can understand," Margrit said, and the return of Peter had not lessened her sense of unnamed terror. "But not this. Let's go back to the kitchen."

She had left a light in the kitchen and she turned it off as a precaution while they closed and locked the shutters. When she switched it on again, they stood uncertainly in the centre of the silent, shuttered room. Margrit felt beleaguered, in a high fortress; the shining copper pans became stacked artillery.

Artillery against what? "We'd better telephone now," she decided.

She and Bill went into the hall again, but before they reached the library Margrit heard a key turning in the lock of the front door. Even though she knew it would be her mother, or her stepfather returning from his financial conference in

Basel, the bullet through the window imparted to the familiar sound a sinister overtone. She remained tautly where she was until the opening door framed her stepfather with his briefcase under his arm.

Then she ran to him, swept by a tide of relief, took his briefcase and stood hugging it against her, telling him what had occurred.

"Also," he said in surprise, one hand clutching the lapel of his big overcoat. "This is a fine thing to come home to. A shot fired through the window? At you, Herr Sergeant? You were all alone in the library? So?"

"I was getting cigarettes, sir."

"Ah, yes. And that cigarette-case of yours, by the way—did you ever find it?"

"No, sir."

"Come, let us have a look in the library."

Her stepfather was not as disturbed as he had been at the time of the attempted robbery. Margrit observed, perhaps because that shock had taken the edge from this. He examined the window, closed the shutters briskly, discussed the bullet's trajectory with Bill, and agreed with him that it had been fired from above.

"I shall call the police, of course,

but they will only make more notes in their little books," he shrugged, and sat down in his chair at the desk, reaching towards the telephone.

Margrit perched on the arm of his chair, the draught from the window cold along her spine. Their library had become an alien place, she saw it as a sketch made in a detective's case-book. She leaned close to her stepfather.

"Whoever fired could see Bill," she pointed out. "They could have taken him for you. Have you ever been threatened by anyone, Father? In all these reorganisations of holding companies, perhaps—"

"Perhaps I have made an enemy. I can't think of one who might feel quite so strongly about me," he said dryly. "Shooting! That's more like Chicago gangsters, night waltz, Sergeant Anthony? Still, one must believe that the bullet was meant for me." He bent his head a little to one side. "But one sees that you disagree, Sergeant."

"I was just thinking," Bill explained, sitting down backward in a small, stiff chair, "that if he knew you or had even seen you he could tell even at that distance that I wasn't you standing by the desk. The light was quite bright in here, and I am taller than you, sir, and a different build."

Please turn to page 19



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The Australian Women's Weekly — October 11, 1961



# THE PROFESSOR FORGETS HIS NOTES

By GLADYS TABER

good smell of chalk dust and smiled, thinking he knew how old-time circus horses felt about the smell of sawdust. The elevator man brought the car to a jolting stop and Professor Alcott stepped out into a throng of students. The whole corridor was packed. He looked round in surprise. They must have moved some survey courses up here! He pushed his way down the hall, suddenly feeling anxious.

Yes, there was a crowd round the door of 302. Had they changed his classroom after fifteen years without telling him? He would be firm; 302 was his room. He knew every crack in the blackboards. He knew just where to stand so the right light fell on his cards; how far down to have the upper sash on a cold day, on a mild day.

He forced his way to his room and his worst fears were confirmed. For the room was so jammed with people that even the window-sills were being used as seats. Lines of men stood on three sides, against the blackboards. Two sat on his table. Girls perched on chair arms.

Breathless, Professor Alcott spoke above the noise: "There must be a mistake in the room number! What course are you registered for?" "Lit 32R," they said, in chorus, "room 302."

He felt a little giddy. "I will ask all those not registered for 32R to leave the room!"

Nobody moved; but those in the hall outside began to struggle to get inside. A tall boy with red hair brought up sharply against the edge of the table.

"May we come to attention?" asked Professor Alcott.

The noise diminished slightly. But there was no hope of closing the door—it was filled with students.

Professor Alcott faced the packed room and he was stunned. He had never seen such a class! There were about four girls, as far as he could tell, and dozens and dozens of men. There were several typical undergraduates with young pinkish faces. The rest of the men ranged in age from twentyish to thirty-five or more.

They wore parts of Army and Navy uniforms, pieced out with odd civilian garments that did not fit very well. Some of them had faces weathered to copper and eyes that squinted from long looking at the sun. Some were pale with a definite hospital pallor. The red-headed boy was one of the brown ones. He wore a green jacket, brown slacks, and a pair of Army boots.

Professor Alcott pulled himself together and raised his voice.

"Ladies and gentlemen—" he began.

"—and infantrymen," said a voice from the back row.

Laughter rippled. Another voice said, "Don't leave out the Air Force."

Thoroughly confused, Professor Alcott spoke even louder. "We shall

have to divide the class!" Now there was silence indeed, profound, more disturbing than the noise. It was wary, intent.

"Half of you must go in another section. Instructors will be provided." He said, "Volunteers will please leave the room."

Nobody stirred. Professor Alcott scuttled from the room and ran to the office. He found the dean obscured by a mass of mixed Army and Navy applicants, but desperation got him through.

"I have to have help," said Professor Alcott. "The class is overpowering!"

"They all are," said the dean wearily. "We thought we were prepared—but this is a deluge! Divide them up."

Outside his door Professor Alcott paused a moment. He braced himself and got back in. He banged his book on the table and shouted.

"Count off by threes," he said.

Ten minutes later the room was still full, but the walls were not bulging out. Wiping his forehead, he passed out his registration cards, then began his usual lecture, with half a period lost forever. He had three jokes he always began with, and he told the first one about John Wesley. Nobody laughed. His best joke, used for years and always responded to by a mild spattering of mirth.

WITH his little joke withering and dying, he began to wonder about the lecture. He assigned the lesson, spoke about grades, and abruptly dismissed the class.

Instantly he was assailed by twenty men, all waving printed forms. He had to sign his name and initial spaces on every form so they could get their textbooks. The red-headed boy came up last. His name was Robert Spenser. He wanted more books on his list. "Because," he said in an easy but authoritative voice, "I've given myself until May to cover this whole subject."

"You mean all of English literature?" asked Professor Alcott faintly.

"Well, all that really counts."

Before Professor Alcott could speak, a girl who had been hovering nearby came up to him. It was his daughter Angela. She had on a lemon-colored sweater and some kind of bright skirt. Her hair was done in a new way. He reached for his wallet. "How much do you need?"

He began to hunt. Was it his upper right-hand—or lower pocket? The boy was still standing there, and he absently introduced them as he fumbled around. "I have it right here," he murmured, then became aware that Angela and the boy were deep in conversation.

"Never mind, I don't need it now,

darling," said Angela. "I'll be home in time to get your supper."

"Call me Chips," Robert Spenser was saying as the door closed behind them.

Professor Alcott went home, got out his lecture notes, and sat staring at them. Were they really any better than his joke?

Was there any hope or reaching these wild young men? And what if he didn't? He'd be retired next year. He shivered and put his head in his hands. He had no savings; few teachers ever had. And he wanted Angela to have enough, to make up for her keeping house for him.

He began a new lecture. He had assigned Galsworthy's "The Apple Tree" as a good beginning classic. That should help the first session. He was still polishing off his last notes when the six o'clock bell sounded. He got up hastily. Angela and Robert Spenser were coming across the lawn. He was carrying her books.

They walked close together, his Army sleeve touching her yellow sweater, and the clear soft fire of sunset glowed on their faces. As he watched them, a queer sharp ache went through him. He thought of the words in Galsworthy's story—"the apple tree, the singing and the gold."

At the steps, Angela said, "O.K., Chips."

"O.K., kid, take it easy," Robert grinned.

Professor Alcott sighed with relief. Things were just the same.

"Supper in a jiffy," said Angela, running in, "but you'd better eat at the club to-morrow. I'm going up-river with Chips."

"I'll just have a coddled egg," he said. "I feel a little shaky—from the flu, I imagine."

The second meeting of 32R did not, however, have to do with Galsworthy. Professor Alcott had fifteen announcements to read. About veteran housing, veterans' meetings, veterans' allotments, subsistence cheques. And ten more students tried to get into the class and were put out with difficulty. He had to run up and down two flights of stairs himself, counting the numbers in the extra sections and dividing up all over again. He finally had to take in the last two himself.

After he dismissed the class, eight crowded round him with more things to sign. He was accustomed to closing the book, rising, walking out quietly.

It was the next Tuesday when he finally got round to Galsworthy. With a deep sigh of relief he picked up the cards and called on the first name. This was as it should be, class quiet, recitations in order. The students never had anything to say, they murmured and sat quietly, and then he discoursed on the subject.

Please turn to page 24

Page 5

"You expect to cover all of English literature by May?" the professor asked faintly.

PROFESSOR ALCOTT never lost that tight excitement of the first class. English Lit 32R was always a very small group, but it was his world. He hurried by the worn stone steps to University Hall. The old building was pleasant in the soft light. The ivy was turning to splendor against grey stone.

Everything was the same as usual. Last year he had such a fright when the class was so small it was nearly dropped from the curriculum. But now that it had weathered the last feverish year of war, he was safe again. As he waited for the elevator to the third floor, he smelled the

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BY **Prestige**



**T**HIS all happened over a year ago. From the safe vantage-point of a happy marriage, I look back on the incident now and shudder.

At the time, newly discharged, I was that standard party accessory, the single young man. I had been stung twice at Olive Burnham's parties.

First at a buffet supper I had found myself assigned to a merry mountain of flesh named Nanette Fielding. Nanette was a fat girl with an enormous appetite who had decided the fat was there to stay.

My second bad evening at the Burnhams involved a sharp-nosed girl with an intense gaze, who was studying psychology, and who leaped to the conclusion that in me she had a genuine introvert.

Actually these two cases were exceptions among a lot of pleasant evenings, so when Olive telephoned I was cautious, but willing to be had.

"How will I have to earn my supper this time?" I asked. "Will I have a fat girl to entertain again?" "No, Freda's nice and slim," said Olive. "Besides, this is dinner, not a buffet supper. She's a very nice, beautiful girl."

"She doesn't have to be beautiful, just as long as she lets me enjoy my vittles."

"You heathen!"

I'll never forget my first glimpse of Freda Marshall. There were some green people on hand when I got there, but I happened to catch a glimpse of her, sitting alone on a sofa in a corner. I knew she would be Freda.

She was beautiful, all right, but her mouth was set in a grim line, and her eyes were averted with pain. She looked preoccupied with some unhappiness of her own, and ready to snap off the head of anyone who bothered her. It was obvious that she had a problem of some sort. She had the tense look of someone in a tight spot. I felt I was in for it.

Sure enough, Olive led me straight through the assembled throng to the girl and introduced us. Then, rather hurriedly I thought, Olive flew off to see about another cocktail for somebody or other.

Freda Marshall was a girl with a nice set of measurements all the way down. Her legs were long and put slender enough, with rather large but well-shaped feet. Her

# VANITY RARE

By...

**SCOTT CORBETT**

eyes were big, deep pools that spoke of some secret suffering. She was definitely preoccupied, and I felt she was wishing desperately to be somewhere else.

Nevertheless, I strove manfully to make conversation, but I could sense that nothing I said really caught her interest enough to compete with whatever was troubling her. I wanted to help, but something warned me not to try. It was none of my business, whatever it was.

I went for drinks, since we seemed to have been forgotten in our corner.

"Get the kind that stuns quickly, will you?" Freda asked with a grim quirk of the lips, and I went away

startled. She didn't look like the type of girl you had to deliver, rather than escort, home. I searched out Olive, whom I found giving the dining-table a last look over.

"You've done it again," I said gloomily. "What's the matter with my young charge, anyway?"

"Hugh, I swear she's not herself to-night," Olive said. "I don't really know her very well, but the poor child does seem strangely quiet."

"Quiet? It's worse than that. She'd be an attractive girl if she'd only relax, and if she weren't so tense. Olive, I hate to say so, but I don't think she's happy here."

I was at the end of my tether by the time we went in to dinner. If she had just made it plain that she found me trivial compared to whatever painful problem it was that was focusing her attention within herself, it would have been better than to imagine that every now and then, behind the pain in her eyes, I detected at least an incipient interest in me, a

*"You lie better than a gentleman, darling," she said fondly. "I think I'll marry you."*

hint that under happier circumstances this attractive girl might have met me halfway.

The idea of battering my head vainly throughout a long dinner against the shell that her mysterious personal problem had built around her was an agonising prospect.

Once more, I strove to make conversation. At first it was a monologue rather than a conversation, and I was beginning to feel that I might as well be quiet as prattle on like some windy after-dinner speaker starting off at the wrong end of the meal, when all at once I heard a soft, thrilling "Oh—h!" escape from Freda's lips.

I had avoided looking into those wonderful, pained eyes of hers, but now I glanced at her quickly, and her expression took my breath away. There were stars in her eyes, no less, and she was relaxed and smiling. "Excuse me. I didn't mean to interrupt," she said, still smiling.

It was a superb moment for my masculine vanity. What had I done to bring about this thrilling transformation? What had I said that had suddenly driven the pain from her eyes and made her decide to put past unhappiness aside and enjoy what the present was offering? I tried to think back over everything I had just said, but could put my finger on nothing. All I knew, I was thankful.

It was then that my Aunt Nellie chose to collapse. We were still at the table when the message reached me. They thought it was a stroke. Excusing myself, I rushed to her home.

Well, fortunately, it developed that my lively aunt hadn't had a stroke at all, but had slipped on a toffee paper and given her head a good rap. In an hour or so, beyond a lump on her head and a bruise here and there, she was good as new.

Next day, I telephoned Freda and took her out to lunch. It was the first of a lot of meetings, and there was no sign of whatever had troubled her so savagely that first evening. It had vanished.

I often thought about it, but decided not to mention it unless she did. It was only after we were engaged that I finally let my curiosity get the better of me, telling myself it wouldn't do to have it on my mind. So, as we were sitting alone before a fire, I brought up the subject. I tried to sound casual.

"You know, darling, I've often wondered about the night we met at Olive Burnham's. I've always felt something serious was worrying you that night."

A low laugh floated down to me. Freda was sitting sideways in a chair with her legs over the arm, and I was stretched on the floor leaning back against the chair.



bought a new pair of shoes to wear to Olive's and I—I flattered myself by a half size. By the time I got to the party, my feet were slowly torturing me to death."

"But—but when we sat down to dinner—? You were completely different."

Plop! plop! Her shoes fell deliberately to the rug beside me.

"I did what every woman does under a dinner table at a party, my sweet. I kicked my shoes off."

"Good Lord!" I cried. My vanity was shattered. "All this time I've been taking the credit, thinking it was something I said, some irresistible facet of my personality that brought about that marvellous change in you! Good heavens! And all it was was tight shoes!"

"Darling, can you ever forgive me?"

I did. But often I look back and shudder. Where would I be now, if Freda hadn't slipped off her shoes when she did?

It's an awful thought.

(Copyright)



*For Unforgettably Soft Hands*

Let your hands tell him how wonderful you are! Keep them soft and adorably smooth by massaging a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion on your hands before bed time each night—and every time you've had your hands in water.

You'll love the heavenly fragrance and smoothness of Pond's Hand Lotion... and rich, concentrated Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin softener for your hands. So buy a bottle of Pond's Hand Lotion to-day—at all chemists and stores.

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These famous shampoos will be available when existing restrictions permit.

A GRADE FOR EVERY SHADE

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**Suggestions wanted for listening to new personal portable radio!**

What is your suggestion for the best time and place to listen to the new Personal Portable radio? Eveready will pay £2 for every suggestion used. Simply address your entries to Eveready, Rosebery, Sydney.



£2 from Eveready to Bruce Kyle, 21 Riverdale Ave., Marrickville who suggests taking a Personal Portable to the beach. "Then you can listen to the races and sun-bake too."



£2 from Eveready to Mrs. D. Laird, 66 Reed Street, Albert Park, Victoria who says she'd keep a Personal Portable in the laundry. Then she could do the washing and still follow her radio serial.

£2 from Eveready to Mr. Dave Williams, Nicholson Pde., Cronulla, N.S.W., who writes: "I'd take a Personal Portable along on week-end fishing trips. That's how to pass the time when fish aren't biting."



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Leading radio manufacturers are now making the new Personal Portable radios.

They are as easy to carry as a girl's handbag. Their strong, clear tone, in such tiny space, is made possible by Eveready's miracle MINI-MAX battery... the same battery that was used in the "Walkie-Talkie".



Tragedy  
in 3 Steps



Gums  
SORE,  
BLEEDING



Gums  
INFECTED



A TOOTH  
GONE!

# NOW! NO MORE NEEDLESS EXTRACTIONS WHEN YOU USE **S.R.**



It's easy, it's pleasant—  
right in your own bathroom **S.R.** gives  
teeth and gums the same treatment dentists use.

You may have the strongest, whitest teeth in the world—but if your gums are unhealthy, those flawless teeth are doomed. Dentists say that gum trouble leads to more extractions than actual decay. And it can happen so easily! Gums start to bleed, become sore, soft and spongy. Gum rot sets in and almost before you know it, a sound tooth

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1. Condition before  
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after daily application of  
Sodium Ricinoleate.

GUARD YOUR GUMS WITH THIS  
**NEW KIND** OF TOOTHPASTE CALLED **S.R.**



# Eight lovely girls will attend Royal bride



LADY CAROLINE MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT



THE HON. MARGARET ELPHINSTONE

## Lord Milford Haven, best man, pays them gallant tribute

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

"Proposing the toast to the bridesmaids won't be a difficult speech to make," said the 26-year-old Marquis of Milford Haven when I asked him what he was going to say about them at the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Lieut. Mountbatten. David Milford Haven will be best man.

"They're eight of the prettiest girls in England," Lord Milford Haven continued, "and it isn't difficult to talk about eight pretty girls."

"ALL the same, I'll be more nervous than they are," the best man confessed. "Most of them have been bridesmaids before."

"For me it's the first time I've attended a wedding in any capacity other than as guest or usher."

Chief bridesmaid will be Princess Margaret. She will dress at Buckingham Palace and will help to dress Princess Elizabeth on her wedding day, assisted by the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone and Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon.

Both Miss Elphinstone and Miss Bowes-Lyon will stay at Buckingham Palace before the wedding, and, following bridal tradition, all three girls will assist "Boo," Princess Elizabeth's maid, to fix the bridal veil.

Like every other bride, Princess Elizabeth will be careful not to look in a mirror on her wedding day and must be guided by her bridesmaids when dressing.

The Hon. Margaret Elphinstone is the 22-year-old daughter of Lord Elphinstone, who married the Queen's sister, and Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon is the 24-year-old daughter of the late John Bowes-Lyon, the Queen's eldest brother.

Both girls are great friends of Princess Elizabeth and are frequently members of theatre and dancing parties that the Princess attends.

"Both Margaret Elphinstone and Diana Bowes-Lyon are very good dancers and lots of fun at a party," said the Marquis of Milford Haven.

The night before the wedding the King and Queen will give a small dance at Buckingham Palace for the bridesmaids and some of the guests who will be at the ceremony.

Though rather quiet and retiring, Lady Mary Cambridge, who is a kingwoman of the Princess (her father is a cousin of the King), is not shy at Royal weddings, as this will be her fourth time as bridesmaid to Royalty.

With the bride herself she attended her aunt, Lady May Abernethy, daughter of Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, at her wedding in 1931, and they were together again as bridesmaids when the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were married.

In 1934 Lady Mary was again a member of a Royal bridal retinue for the Duchess of Kent.

A very great friend of Princess Elizabeth since they were in the same company of Girl Guides, Lady Elizabeth Lambart is the 23-year-old niece of the Earl of Cavan.

Lady Elizabeth is the daughter of the late Earl of Cavan and Joan Countess of Cavan, who was formerly Lady Joan Mulholland, and was Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess Royal from 1918 to 1922. Lady Elizabeth likes country life, too.

The family seat is in Shropshire, where she is considered one of the real beauties of the county.

Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, 20-year-old second daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, is much better known over the border than in London.

### Highland dances

WHEN the Court moves to Holyrood she and Princess Elizabeth see a great deal of each other.

Like Princess Elizabeth, Lady Caroline is very fond of Highland dancing, and was at all the Highland dancing this season that Princess Elizabeth attended.

Lady Caroline and her brother, the handsome young Earl of Dalkeith, are very great friends, and as he will be one of the ushers at the wedding, the pre-wedding party at Buckingham Palace will be much gay for the inclusion of this dashing young Earl and his sister, who will be a bridesmaid.

Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott is dark-haired and brown-eyed, and has a good figure.

Of mannequin height, slim and willowy, she should look very lovely in the bridal procession that will follow Princess Elizabeth down the aisle in Westminster Abbey.



FIRST BRIDESMAID, Princess Margaret (right), with two other 'maids, Princess Alexandra and the Hon. Pamela Mountbatten (left). This photograph was taken at the wedding of Lord Brabourne and the Hon. Patricia Mountbatten, when they were also bridesmaids.



MISS DIANA BOWES-LYON

The Hon. Pamela Mountbatten is the 18-year-old daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Mountbatten of Burma.

She is at present in India with her father, but will be home in time for fittings and the rehearsal before the wedding.

Pamela and Princess Elizabeth were bridesmaids together recently when they followed Lord Louis eldest daughter, Patricia, up the aisle at Romsey Abbey at her wedding to Lord Brabourne.

Pamela Mountbatten, who has all her mother's good looks and her father's charm, is a great favorite in Court circles.

At 18 she gives promise of being as great a beauty as her mother.

Last but by no means least is the fascinating daughter of the Duchess of Kent, 10-year-old Princess Alexandra. Princess Alexandra is in great demand as a bridesmaid, and was, last year, bridesmaid to Miss Myra Wernher, when she married Major David Butler, of the Scots Guards, and later bridesmaid to Patricia Mountbatten when she married Lord Brabourne.

The eight bridesmaids will walk in pairs up the aisle of the Abbey with Princess Margaret as chief brides-



LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE



LADY ELIZABETH LAMBART

maid. Eight is the traditional number of bridesmaids for a Royal wedding.

The Queen had eight, so did the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent.

Princess Elizabeth has taken such an active part in the social and service life of the country that choosing eight bridesmaids was a more difficult task for her than for other Royal ladies, whose circle of friends and relations was rather narrowed.

All the bridesmaids will arrive at the Abbey from their London homes,

with the exception of the three who will help to dress the bride, and will leave Buckingham Palace before Princess Elizabeth and the King.

After the wedding the bridesmaids will help dress the bride for her honeymoon. In the evening, when the Royal couple have motored to their honeymoon home in the country, the elder girls will change into evening dress, and, with the young ushers and best man, dine and dance in the West End of London, where most of them are well-known and attractive members of Mayfair's younger set.



## APPEAL FOR SANITY

THE spectacle of former allies hurling abuse at each other on the world stage of UNO has increased cynicism about the value of UNO and diminished hopes for its success.

People are beginning to feel that UNO merely provides a place in which the nations may shout their way to war, and this last session appears lamentably to justify that view.

But there is another view of UNO—the one expressed by Professor Albert Einstein.

In his open letter he called on delegates to convert the General Assembly into a full world parliament with power to eliminate the present threat of extinction.

This great scientist, head of a committee whose object is to arouse the world to the cataclysmic dangers of atomic warfare, combines idealism with realism in his anguished appeal for belated sanity.

He implies that unless UNO can get to work soon as a real world parliament with power to implement its decisions, the world will certainly go up in smoke.

And further, that UNO cannot work successfully without some idealism from its members.

Einstein said the only agency capable of wiping out the threat of extinction is the General Assembly, which Australia's Dr. Evatt pointed out was meeting in the half-light between war and peace.

That "only" is the significant word.

UNO is the world's only hope, its only machinery of co-operation, its only international meeting place.

Einstein with his sublime simplicity and his Olympian wisdom would be an ideal leader for UNO. Ordinary statesmen are not doing much good.



SPRODD LOOKS AT LIFE: Our artist visits an eisteddfod.

## It seems to me...

ALL this talk of padding on the hips instead of the shoulders dredged out of my memory a book I once read—"The Awful Australian," written under the pen-name of "Valerie Desmond."

It was first published in 1911 and was a tongue-in-cheek attack on everything Australian, from politics to women.

So I ran it to earth in the Public Library and found the relevant paragraph in a chapter which cast aspersions on the Australian female form.

Melbourne women, the author considered, were more favored than their Sydney sisters.

"Here (Sydney), due possibly to surf-bathing, the bust development is abnormal, while the hips have a flat, board-like appearance."

"One Sydney woman with rounded hips was introduced to me at tea at the Australia."

"She was so well formed that I couldn't resist the temptation of testing her genuineness with a hatpin. I don't say that she was padded. I only assert that she took half an inch of steel without flinching."

Nor did the author care for Australian legs: "The new short skirt about to be tried in Paris will never become popular. Australian legs could not be held up to ridicule in that way."

WHILE the decision to examine overseas mail from Britain to check evasions of currency control may be necessary, it's disturbing.

An assurance has been given that only mail suspected of containing bank notes, jewellery, or securities will be opened.

It's the kind of measure which can be harmless as long as it's implemented by officials of the greatest integrity. But the privacy of the mails is a treasured peacetime privilege.

Once letters can be opened, their contents noted by eyes other than those they were intended for, it's natural to fear there may be some abuse.

Though that suspicion may be unfounded, it breeds discontent. The British Government has an enormous job to do, for which it needs its people's trust, and this is a measure that could breed a discontent outweighing its advantages.

AMONG the innumerable matters which produce a dreary shake of the head is the proposal to divide Palestine into two States, one for Arabs and one for Jews.

What is happening in India is a fair indication of how far it would go towards solving racial hatreds.

It's curious that there should be this tendency to try to set up artificial boundaries at a time when the widest oceans mean little as natural boundaries.

Question: Well, what would you suggest?

Answer: As in first sentence of this paragraph—a dreary headache.

A MAN told a judge in a Sydney court recently that in Victoria he never felt the urge to commit crimes, but as soon as he got into N.S.W. he always got into trouble.

What is it that Our 'Arbor' as That rouses instincts barbarous?

Perhaps the Bridge's iron are Inspires passions dark and stark?

But what strange power invests the Yarra To keep men on the straight and narra?



Dorothy Drain

BY

I'M surprised that youth clubs in England should be surprised at what is happening in their organisations.

They're worrying because the girls don't take nearly as much interest in serious study as in football and cricket matches and dances.

The girls, say the club leaders, are more interested in chatting and flirting with the boys than in such subjects as dressmaking and physical culture.

Of course they are.

That's one of the immutable facts of which leaders of youth clubs should be aware.

Emancipation notwithstanding, the subject which still interests young women—any women—more than anything else is men.

PLAN of the British Labor Ministry to make hotel workers independent of tips by fixing a living wage is a desirable move, though it probably won't end the tipping system.

Tipping at its best could be described as an "incentive payment." At its most blatant it descends to graft.

Some clubs solve the problem by making a rule of absolutely no tips, but adding a 10 per cent. service charge which is divided equally among all workers (as in the new American National Club in Sydney), or as in some other clubs, by dividing special donations given by members at Christmas time.

A man who belongs to a very old-established men's club told me the rule was very strictly enforced. "If it weren't it would be like belonging to a railway station," he remarked.

Such systems, of course, are much easier to work in clubs than they would be in hotels with their floating clientele.

MY sympathy was aroused the other day when an ex-serviceman bound for a University law exam, said: "Imagine! Three hours without a cigarette."

The rule of no smoking in examination rooms must be quite an ordeal for the ex-service students, who, being older, have the habit firmly fixed.

I rang Sydney University to ask if there had been any pleas to relax the rule, but apparently candidates take it philosophically. It was pointed out that while it may seem hard on smokers, what about the non-smokers who might be put out of their stride by the haze of smoke?

A girl on this staff—an evening student and a fairly constant smoker—tells me she always takes a supply of barley sugar to chew, and says that in the frenzy of an exam she forgets the outside world, including cigarettes.

SO much depends on the viewpoint—and the viewpoint these days seems largely tied up with whether you have dollars or not.

In an American magazine I came across an advertisement for an airlines company headed "Fifteen wonderful days in Europe."

Fifteen days, says the ad, is plenty of time to see and do Europe. (Shades of the American who did the Louvre in 20 minutes and could have halved it if he'd worn running shoes.)

"Yes," it continues lyrically, "thousands are discovering that Europe is merely a few short, pleasant hours from the U.S.A."

I'll say they are, but "pleasant" is not the adjective that occurs to most minds to-day when they think about how close everywhere is getting to everywhere else.

## Interesting People



CAPTAIN H. O. WOODHOUSE

... mileage millionaire

HARD to believe delightfully boyish Captain H. O. Woodhouse, one of two Australians promoted to Senior Captain First Class, most senior rank in B.O.A.C.'s air crew, has known all dangers of air warfare, and is now a "mileage millionaire, having flown well over a million miles." Adored by his two children, he obviously enjoys a rough-and-tumble with them at his Southampton home. He was born at Obley, N.S.W.



MISS HELEN KELLER

... keeping her promise

VISIT of famous blind and deaf author Helen Keller to Australia early next year is result of promise to Mr. H. W. Thompson, of Royal Sydney Industrial Blind Institution. She will hold meetings, speaking through interpreter, Miss Polly Thompson, as own voice is faint. Lack of hearing and sight has so intensified her other senses she has keen appreciation of art, music, literature. Main work is helping blinded ex-servicemen.



PROFESSOR R. W. GERARD

... knows his nerves

SHORT, cheerful, middle-aged R. W. Gerard, Professor of Physiology, University of Chicago, who tells a story well, is world authority on mechanism of the nervous system. During war did secret medical research for U.S. Government. He was brought to Australia by the interim council of Australian National University, Canberra, will be here three months and will visit other universities.



# DOGS TRAINED TO BEHAVE IN TRAFFIC



HEELING in traffic is essential lesson taught dogs by Canine Defence League. It prevents many accidents.

★ In England 25 per cent. of fatal road accidents are caused by dogs, so the National Canine Defence League has set out to teach them how to behave in traffic. The National Roads and Motorists' Association in Australia would like to see a similar movement here.



CAUTIOUS crossing by clever, trained dogs used by County Council to teach London children road safety.



PUPPIES with children are major accident cause. Canine League says pups under six months and owner-escorts under 18 years should not be allowed on roads.



"SIT" is one command dogs are taught to obey by Canine League. Others are "stay" (stop in one place till told to move) and "heel" (follow by left foot of the owner).



LESSONS for dogs and owners cost 10/6 for eight. Dogs learn road manners, discretion, obedience, owners best way to handle them, particularly how to hold leash.



LACKING road sense, dogs cause 7000 accidents a year in England. Cars swerving to avoid them crash, causing injuries, deaths.

The Australian Women's Weekly—October 11, 1947

Page 11

Get your copy of the world's best-selling thrillers. — ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE — 1/- every month.



from page 3

MARK frowned, remembering his hurried departure, and said: "I hope so, Jenner, but I've no idea. I have a job to finish and I mean to finish it here. Only decided this morning, Jenner. Sorry it was such short notice."

"Oh, that's all right, sir. I was only wondering."

"Wondering?"

"How the young lady knew you were coming, sir."

"The young lady? What young lady?"

"Why—the young lady in the sitting-room, sir. She came here to wait for you, she said. Says you know her name, sir. Miss Derwent, it is."

For one instant of frozen horror Mark stood still. The look of utter defeat upon his face, followed by slow, smouldering rage, perturbed old Jenner. He stammered helplessly, "I—I'm sorry, sir, if I shouldn't've let her in—"

Mark opened his mouth, shut it, and swallowed hard. "That's all right, Jenner. Not your fault. But be a good man and get rid of her. Don't let her know I've arrived—"

"B—but she knows, sir. She came to the kitchen door and warned me that your car was coming up the drive. She—she's waiting for you in there, sir."

With that quiet, formal courtesy which, to those who knew him well, was itself a warning, Mark opened the door of his sitting-room and confronted her. But it wasn't Cymbeline. An entirely strange young woman rose from the couch to greet him.

She had red hair—very red. She wore casual-looking clothes and no hat. He stared, because the shock of expecting Cymbeline and finding someone else temporarily stunned him.

She said, without preamble, "I'm Cymbeline's sister."

He groaned. "Another of the herd!"

Two bright spots of color flamed in her cheeks. "I don't know what you mean by that, Mr. Dillon. But I am Cymbeline's sister, and I have come to speak to you about Cymbeline."

"Where do you come from, and how did you know I was here?"

Jenner's wife told me, she works for us."

His eyebrows questioned her.

"We live in the village," she explained. "We've always lived here. You haven't. You only bought this place two years ago and use it for holidays. We belong."

"Don't tell me Cymbeline lives down here, too."

"She did before she went to London."

A thought alarmed him. "Look here—does Cymbeline know I have a house here? Have you told her of my coming?"

She looked puzzled. "Isn't it because of Cymbeline that you have come?"

"No—yes—no. If you mean have I come to get away from her, yes!"

"To get away! I thought you'd come because she was coming!"

He looked suspicious. "What is all this?"

She looked at him in a way no woman had ever looked at him before—as if she hated him. And, indeed, Anne Derwent was beginning to think she did.

This was the man who was to blame for everything. For Cymbeline's not coming home. For the way her head was turned, though, perhaps, that was not his fault entirely. For the change in her. For the look on Larry's face—bewildered and hurt and patient. For Gran's anger and—and everything. Cymbeline had always been a worry, but never so much as now.

"It's Gran's birthday to-morrow," she explained, "and when Cymbeline made excuses about not coming down for it, I guessed why. You're the reason. She won't be away from you if she can help it."

"So I've noticed," he answered. Anne Derwent said indignantly, "You sound as if you're tired of her!"

"My dear girl," he explained patiently, "put it that way if you like. Cymbeline was excellent material—

so long as I needed it. After that she became nothing but a nuisance."

She was staring at him with incredulity. "Do you mean to tell me that you are not in love with her?"

"Not in the least. Now, what did you come to see me for?"

"To—ask you to give her up."

He chuckled. "A delightful situation! Villain asked to renounce the virtuous maid! Actually, it should be the other way round."

"Aren't you a little conceited?"

"No—just honest. Cymbeline is beautiful—and spoilt. She demands admiration and devotion as if it were her right. I don't happen to consider it right that she should receive them from me, that's all."

"Didn't you write 'Lovely Lady' for her?"

"Not for her—about her."

"And it meant nothing to you that in the process you might break her heart?"

"Cymbeline's heart is very resilient. Anyway, why should you care? You came here to demand that I should give her up—surely you weren't afraid that in doing so she might be hurt?"

The sensitive face before him winced a little, and at once his brittle indifference softened towards her.

"Yes, I did," she admitted. "But I had to do something. What with Gran being angry and Larry looking so wretched."

"Larry? Who's Larry?"

"Cymbeline's fiancé."

"Interesting. I didn't know she was engaged."

"She seems to have forgotten it herself. But Larry McIntyre hasn't. He's a nice boy, and he adores her."

"And you want me to give her up for him?"

"I did, yes."

"And now you find the boots on the other foot—what now? You'll never persuade Cymbeline to give me up. She's convinced I am the great love of her life."

"If Cymbeline won't give you up," Anne said with determination, "then you must make her. Marry someone, or get engaged."

"No, thank you. I treasure my freedom."

"Well, when Cymbeline has gone back to Larry—as she will—you can go back to your freedom."

"And where do you suppose, Mark said bitingly, "that I might find a lady obliging enough to enter into a temporary alliance?"

"I will," she answered calmly.

"The situation, Mark thought, was getting out of hand."

"Don't be absurd," he answered.

"I'm not. I mean it. If you announce your engagement to someone, Cymbeline will have to accept it. Then, on the rebound, she'll go back to Larry. They'll marry at once, which will please both Larry and Gran—and Cymbeline, too. Then your own engagement can be quietly broken off, and you'll be free again."

It all sounded so easy. Cymbeline was the only woman, at the moment, cluttering up his life, and this young woman represented a means of shedding her.

"How do I know you won't let me down?" he asked. "How do I know you won't get up to some trick when I want to do the breaking off?"

She regarded him scornfully. "You

don't imagine I want to be engaged to you, surely? You are hardly my idea of a desirable husband, Mr. Dillon."

Her voice and her words were so loaded with contempt that he was shaken out of his complacency. She was actually looking at him as if she did not like him very much. It was a new experience for Mark Dillon.

"Well," he shrugged, "I dare say you'd serve my purpose."

"We would serve each other's purpose. Thank you, Mr. Dillon. Will you come to The Lodge and dine with us to-morrow at seven? Cymbeline will arrive about tea-time."

Without another word she went. He opened the tall windows, and she walked across the smooth lawn without a backward glance. He closed the windows and watched her go. She was tall, and walked well. She had a smooth, well-shaped head, and a quiet dignity. And there was something about her—something he unwillingly admired.

As she reached the wrought-iron gates the setting sun touched her lustrous red hair, so smooth and silken. Funny, that Cymbeline should have such amazingly fair hair, and her sister such vivid red hair.

By Jupiter—a redhead! What

## PSYCHE

YOU are, my sweet, no scholar; not for thee  
The college or the university.

You have no taste for learning; you despise  
Your sisters with their tomes and tutored tongues:  
You've studied not such works as Freud's and Jung's—  
And yet, of human ways you're wondrous wise.  
How cleverly you flatter and beguile,  
And triumph over reason with a smile,  
And with what wealth of art you use your eyes!

Psychology remains a foreign field  
Whose mysteries have never been revealed  
In your sweet expedition through the years:  
You've not explored the byways of the mind,  
Nor delved in darkest infancy to find  
The breeding grounds of phobias and fears.  
Then tell me how you know, for know you do,  
The moment psychological when you  
Must wash away all argument with tears.

—GEORGE R. COLLINS.

was it that gipsy had said, down by the old mill? "I see danger and a redhead—" Hang that old woman for a witch, he thought, if she proves right!

The following night Cymbeline stood before the fireplace, regarding the toes of her fashionable shoes with moody sulks. Things had not gone well for her lately.

Mark's deliberate rejection of her last night had not made things better. She was accustomed to the sustained attentions of men—devotion like Larry's. She had only to turn to him now and touch his hand to see the warm devotion in his brown eyes.

She knew she was going to be bored this evening. These family dinners were always dull. But Gran had to be humored—after all, she held the purse strings. And she was the old lady's favorite granddaughter.

And coming down was a waste of time after all, for Gran had retired to bed with a threatening cold, and was in no mood to listen to Cymbeline's plea for more money. Tiresome old woman!

Inattentively, she heard voices in the hall. Anne's, quiet and welcoming—and a man's.

Cymbeline's heart leapt—and then



stood still. The door opened and slowly she turned. Mark stood there.

He looked at her. At the cold beauty of her; at her eager surprise giving way to a rising anger. Cymbeline, in this mood, lost all her attraction. He had come down here to escape this very young woman, and he was determined to escape her.

But, strangely, there was a reason other than self-defence in his determination not to be dominated by Cymbeline, and the reason stood beside him. Anne Derwent—very quiet and unassuming—mysterious, enchanting.

When she met him in the hall Mark had felt immediately at home, rested, his irritation and defiance soothed.

Then Cymbeline saw Anne, and stared in reluctant admiration—for Anne had certainly done something to herself. She's been at my new make-up box—why, Anne looks positively glamorous, the girl thought indignantly.

Cymbeline's radiant smile faded into a petulant curve of the mouth, but there was no petulance in her voice as, both hands outstretched, she called across to Mark and kissed him with that air of proprietorship which he hated. She exclaimed, "Darling! I knew you'd come chasing after me!"

Mark saw a flash of pain in the brown eyes of the youth behind her.

Larry, left standing beside the fireplace, could only look on—like a stricken animal.

"You after me, Cymbeline, I think. I came down yesterday. Didn't I, Anne?"

Cymbeline pouted at that, a frown creasing her delicate brow.

Mark held his hand out to Larry. "I'm the neighbor you've never met, McIntyre. I hope you'll remedy the omission by coming over to my place some time. Do you play golf?"

Larry, liking the man, answered, "I haven't played for goodness knows how long. Cymbeline doesn't play."

"You should take it up, Cymbeline," Mark told her easily. "Share your husband's hobbies—that, my dear, is the secret of a successful marriage."

"And what do you know of marriage?"

Mark said gently, "I haven't tried marriage yet, it's true, but I am about to—with Anne."

"Anne!"

Mark looked at the quiet young woman beside him. It was strange how rested and at peace he felt with her. He smiled at her and said, gently, "Why, yes. Haven't you told your people, darling?" Laughing a little, and with modest pride, he

turned to the others. "Then I will Anne and I are engaged. I came down yesterday to make her say yes."

Cymbeline looked like a picture of all the furies. "I didn't know you even knew each other!"

"Ah," said Mark, "that was because you never troubled to come home."

Humiliated, incoherent, and confused, Cymbeline turned away—and met the warm brown eyes of the faithful Larry. She wanted to put her head upon his shoulder and cry with anger and frustration—no grief.

"Look here, you two," Mark said. "Now you know our secret, you'll understand if I claim Anne for the rest of the evening? Since Gran is laid up, I want to carry Anne off somewhere—alone."

Driving through the crisp night, Anne said tentatively, "Don't you think you overdid it? Cymbeline looked so—hurt."

"Only her pride was hurt. That heals more quickly than you might think. Already Larry is restoring her shaken self-esteem. They'll be happy, those two, so long as he uses the proverbial slipper—regularly."

Anne laughed softly. "Well, the bluff worked anyway, Mark. I'm grateful to you. You don't know how worried I've been about Cymbeline."

"She'll marry her Larry."

"And then you can return to your precious freedom, undisturbed."

"I feel curiously free already," he admitted. Strange, how light-hearted and relieved he felt. Free, even though he had engaged himself to this young woman in the process.

He looked down at her. The moonlight revealed the contours of her face like the lovely reflection of a cameo. "Anne—I don't mind the engagement continuing, if you don't."

She thanked him formally, assuring him that he would soon be free of it. "Then you can put the whole thing into another play, if you wish."

But he didn't wish. This entire incident, he decided, was something personal, which he had no desire to turn into "copy." And Anne must remain what she was—a restful, serene young woman to whom a man would turn perpetually.

So absorbed was he in his contemplation of her that he scarcely heeded the road ahead until Anne uttered a sharp cry. "Look out!"

But it was too late. The car swerved, rushed nose down into a hollow of thickets, finally colliding violently against a solid tree trunk.

He had his arms, then, about Anne. She was trembling, but not hysterical. He held her close until the trembling ceased, and the deep, satisfying happiness the contact gave him was a new and lovely experience. This, he thought, is what I have been waiting for—searching for—

"All right, Anne?"

"All right, Mark. Oh, Mark!"

"What?"

"That light through the trees. It looks like a fire."

Mark looked about him, then he, too, laughed. "My dear, it is a fire. A gipsy fire. We're in Jassan's Hollow! Come with me—"

Seizing her wrist, he drew her out of the car and led her through the trees.

"Mark—where are you going?"

Laughing, he spun a coin in the moonlight. "To pay a debt."

(Copyright)

## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





# Dress Sense

THIS time I have chosen a variety of questions ranging from what is the most suitable dress for a mid-summer inland wedding to the type of bathing suits most likely to be worn this season.

Here are some of the questions asked by readers:

"As a mother of three growing children I would like some advice about my summer wardrobe. I am in my early forties, complexion yellow, eyes greyish-blue, and hair at the salt and pepper stage. I have always worn black or navy-blue, but I feel now I would like a change. We live in the country, where our social life is mainly visiting friends, and an occasional trip to town by car. I have very little time to spend on clothes, and my children are becoming critical. Could you advise me what to wear?"

A summer suit or a jacket and dress, according to your figure proportions, is the best basic ensemble for a country wardrobe. You are wise to change your basic colors; a change does everyone good. Furthermore, there's no question about it, black and navy look hot and dreary in the sharp light of our Australian summer.

A soft shade of blue, dove-grey, and a carnation-red are all colors you will find flattering to your skin and eyes. If you choose a suit, a

by Betty Keep

● In this fortnightly feature I discuss readers' dress problems and offer suggestions for their solution.

As it is impossible for me to answer individually the hundreds of letters from all parts of Australia, I make a careful selection after reading them all and pick out problems that appear to be of the greatest interest.

If you have any problems address your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

wrinkle-proof fabric, especially for driving long distances.

Choose washing fabrics for your house frocks in a becoming color. A cheerful flattering color is a wonderful morale builder. Lastly, give your full concentration when you plan a new dress; be sure both its line and color are flattering. Knowing a dress suits you will give you a feeling of confidence, and the result will please both you and your family.

## Inland wedding

"MY wedding is to take place at 5 p.m. and will be formal. As I live on the central western plains it will be extra hot, so please suggest something cool looking and not too fussy."

Choose cotton for your wedding dress. It will look fresh and cool and much more appropriate for a country wedding than heavy satins or crepes. Organza or organza, if you are the feminine type, or white pique if you prefer yourself in tailored clothes. Select a design with a skirt to the new ankle-bone length or one that just clears the floor. A sweeping train looks heavy and hot and is difficult to keep spotless on dusty days. Whether you wear your hair down or upswept, wear a short tulle veil, chin length in front, and falling to shoulder length at the back. Carry simple flowers, perhaps white daisies. Simplicity will help create the illusion of coolness in a hot climate. White is always refreshing.

## Selected outfits

"Is it better to have a few good clothes or a number not so good? At present my wardrobe is small but fairly well chosen, yet it never seems quite adequate. I seem to spend half my life planning and thinking about clothes."

Broadly speaking, I always plug for the small wardrobe with perfect accessories. But the amount of clothes required depends on your mode of living, and, just as important, on your age. No woman needs a wardrobe overloaded with too many of anything, nor should clothes

be allowed to become a mind-filling mania.

A girl in her late teens and early twenties usually requires a larger range of clothing than an older woman. However, as she has youth on her side, effective rather than expensive clothes can be her goal. By this I do not mean anything that comes to hand can be worn—by no means. I merely maintain that color and style can do a lot for a young face and figure.

The older woman will be wise to build her wardrobe round a few selected outfits, choosing always the best materials her budget can manage. The interchangeable idea is a good wardrobe builder for all ages. For instance, basic dress, plus jacket, plus skirt to tone, is a complete daytime wardrobe. Planning is, however, not everything; the knowledge of when to wear what type of garment is vastly important. Learn to choose the correct outfit for the occasion and you can look smart in the kitchen as well as glamorous on the dance floor.

## On the beach

"WHAT type of playsuits and swimsuits will be most popular this summer, and what colors will be seen on the beaches?"

This year's designers of holiday resort and beach wear have done their best job since before the war. There are designs to flatter every type of figure and those to minimise figure faults. Broadly speaking, the news is: Shorts are shorter, sun dresses are longer and fuller, and slacks narrower and in any length from ankle bone to mid-calf. Many playsuits show an unrestrained use of frills. Despite frills and extra fullness swimsuits do not have a covered-up look.

From France comes a two-piece with a brief strapless bra and tiny



RENOVATIONS are needed for the two evening dresses in the centre, which have an out-of-date line. They achieve this season's silhouette in the sketches on the left and right. Details of how to make the changes are given on this page.

trunks. American fashion experts proclaim a one-piece swimsuit as the hit of the season. They maintain it is kinder to the figure than a two-piece, because it will camouflage waistline bulges. Australian girls who take their surfing and swimming seriously will probably popularise the one-piece. It is still the most practical suit for active swimming.

A dress with one bare shoulder is a current fad for resort clothes, so is a strapless dress. Lots of these strapless dresses have a matching jacket, or even a newer matching shawl. A short hooded tomboyish beach coat, derived from a fisherman's slicker, looks new in white poplin or poplin-like fabric. A dark top combined with light shorts is color news, so is a dark top and dark shorts, sashed at the waist with a bright scarf. Tones to complement suntan are all shades of beige, any print with a white ground, pink from strawberry to melon, soft lime-green, and sunshine-yellow.

## Renovations

"THIS is a renovation problem I would like you to solve. I have two evening dresses; the material in both is perfectly good, but suddenly they look all the wrong shape. One is a floral cotton with an all-round gathered skirt and a bodice top with oval neckline, finished with little puff sleeves. The other dress is

black taffeta with a fitted bodice, high neck, and wide skirt. I'm sure if you help me solve my problem it will inspire and help hundreds of other girls who simply can't afford to discard every dress with the change of fashion."

Yours is certainly a problem a lot of fashion-conscious girls are facing. Because of the really new and changed silhouette this is the first time for a great many years that clothes from last season definitely look like last season.

We must find ways and means to change the old lines to the new. For instance, that floral cotton that you described could be given a wide corselet belt of taffeta and matching shoulder-straps. Pick out the darkest color in the print—dark looks new with light. You will be surprised how this simple renovation will achieve the new look of a nipped-in waistline and curved hips.

Now about the black taffeta. It sounds rather hot and heavy for summer, anyway. Give it a new hemline, cut it to clear the ankles in front, and leave it at the original length at the back. Next chop off the bodice top just above the bosom; bare shoulders go to all the best parties. Lastly, make a little black shawl. Black lace is devastatingly becoming to sun-tanned shoulders, and a shawl is the newest fashion news for a summer wrap.



MRS. BETTY KEEP, who conducts this regular feature, Dress Sense

classic design made in dove-grey linen would look attractive. If you don't favor a suit, a dress and matching jacket in printed silk or rayon would look equally suitable and smart. Pick a neat print, the smaller the better, perhaps a formal spot or stripe. Choose the material with great care; it is a tremendous advantage to have a

## BABY BANTERS

## Sartorial Soliloquy

## By Constance Bannister



This is Mum's idea of how I should dress.

But I like lounging togs like these.

And I look pretty sharp in this get-up.

Anyway, clothes don't make the man!



# Just for a Change



## Recipe News from ELIZABETH COOKE

ELIZABETH COOKE, cookery expert and nutrition adviser for the Kraft Walker Cheese Company, who is renowned for her helpful cooking tips and delicious recipe suggestions.

When the family sets up a clamour for second, and even third helpings, you can be sure that the dish you've set before them is a definite success—and any deviation from the beaten track in your menus will be well rewarded by the heaps of praise that come your way.

So, to make a pleasant change in the business of planning those three meals a day, why don't you discover how many interesting and different things you can easily do with the everyday foods on hand in your larder?

For instance, fish is always a favourite change from meat for lunch or dinner . . . and you can make delicious fish-flavoured dishes any day of the week, when you keep a store of Kraft Fish Pastes in your kitchen.

You can get Kraft Fish Pastes in five tasty flavours . . . Lobster, Anchovy, Bonchovy, Bloater and Scallop . . . and they are mighty handy for snacks and sandwiches as well as all manner of appetising cooked dishes.

You're set to get cheers from the whole family with any of the following recipes. They feature Kraft Fish Pastes together with other everyday foods in a variety of mouth-watering combinations.

### Kraft Fish Souffle

2 4-oz. tins Kraft Fish Paste (Bonchovy), 2 teaspoons finely chopped parsley (dry), salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1½ level tablespoons flour, ¼ pint milk in which a little onion has been simmered, 1 lb. potatoes, cooked and mashed, 2 eggs.

Mix Fish Paste and parsley together, season with salt and pepper. Melt butter, stir in flour and add milk, stirring constantly. Continue stirring until mixture boils, simmer for five minutes, then add fish mixture and mashed potatoes. Separate whites and yolks of eggs. Gradually beat in yolks, whip egg white to a stiff froth and fold lightly into mixture. Pour into well greased soufflé or pie dish and bake in a quite hot oven for twenty minutes. Serve at once. Serves four.

### Fish Roll with Cheese Sauce (Illustrated).

6 ozs. Kraft Fish Paste, ½ cup cooked, mashed potatoes, 1 tablespoon shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, pinch cayenne pepper, salt, 1 egg, 6 ozs. Krustio Pastry Mix, dry breadcrumbs, (optional).

Combine Fish Paste and mashed potatoes, then add cheese and seasonings. Mix well, bind with almost all well-beaten egg. Mix pastry according to directions and roll out thinly into an oblong shape. Place fish on half and fold over. Brush with remaining egg, coat with breadcrumbs, and bake in a hot oven for half an hour. Serve hot with Cheese Sauce. Serves four.

### Steamed Fish Roll

One dessertspoon minced onion, 4-oz. tin Kraft Fish Paste, squeeze lemon juice, 6 oz. Krustio Pastry Mix, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk.

Mix onion into Fish Paste and add lemon juice. Beat egg and milk together and stir into Krustio Pastry Mix. Turn onto a floured board and knead slightly. Roll out into an oblong shape and spread Fish Paste on thinly. Roll up like a swiss roll and bring the two ends together. Place in a well greased steamer and steam for 1 hour. Serve with onion sauce. Serves four.

### Fish Custard

Two 4-oz. tins Kraft Fish Paste, breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, salt, pepper.

Place Fish Paste in greased casserole or pie dish and cover thickly with breadcrumbs. Beat egg with milk, add salt and pepper and pour over fish. Dot with small pieces of butter and bake in a fairly hot oven for 30 minutes. Serves four.

To keep your Kraft Fish Paste fresh after you have opened the tin, just see that it is covered and kept in a cool place.



Fish Roll with Cheese Sauce.

### SPECIAL!

#### FISH CASSEROLE

½ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 2 to 4 ozs. Kraft Fish Paste, 1 dessertspoon capers or sultanas, sprig of mint (optional), 1½ cups cooked mixed vegetables, ½ small onion, 1 lb. mashed potatoes, salt, pepper.

Make white sauce with milk and cornflour. Season. Add Fish Paste, capers or sultanas, mint, all vegetables except potatoes. Place in greased casserole, cover with mashed potatoes and bake in hot oven 400 degrees F. for ½ hour. Serves four to five.

#### MORE FLAVOUR VARIATIONS

You can count on the bottle of Bonox in your kitchen cupboard for more quick and appetising variations on the flavour of everyday dishes.

One teaspoon of Bonox to one cup of hot water, with pepper and salt to taste, makes a zesty hot drink which stimulates appetite and helps you to get the most out of the other food you eat.

A dash of Bonox slipped into gravy, soups or stews immediately gives them a richer, tastier flavour.

A smear of Bonox, by itself, on buttered bread, toast or biscuits, or combined with other favourite fillings gives a lift to sandwiches, snacks and savouries and makes them a brand new taste sensation.

How long is it since you dined for stuffed Beef-Hearts? Now is the time to save meat coupons and serve it up again in this succulent new way.

### Stuffed Beef Heart

One Beef-Heart, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, ½ pkt. mixed herbs, 1 teaspoon Bonox, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, nob of butter.

Soak heart in cold water for one hour, remove tough tissue at centre, bring to boil, and simmer for 45 minutes then drain. Make stuffing with all other ingredients; fill heart and fasten with string so that stuffing will not fall out. Place in greased casserole or pie dish, dot with butter, cover and bake in a moderate oven for about two and a half hours, adding water to liquid as it boils away.

Dumpling Stew is another savoury dish that's calculated to call for those second and third helpings, and well worth putting right at the top of your recipe collection.

Listen to "MARY"



LIVINGSTONE, M.D."

The enthralling life story of a brilliant woman psychiatrist.

Every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday morning in all States.

Brought to you by KRAFT

The makers of Kraft Cheese, Vegemite, Bonox, Kraft Fish Pastes and Krustio Pastry Mix.

### Take a Hint

To give variety to the mashed potatoes on the menu, mix in a dash of powdered nutmeg while you are creaming them—or a sprinkle of finely chopped parsley. Use warm milk instead of cold to make mashed potatoes lighter and fluffier.

Your silver will have more sparkle after cleaning if you mix the powdered silver plate cleaner with methylated spirits instead of water.

To increase the strength of tea and save coupons, keep the rind of half an orange in the tea caddy.

When you make a vegetable, fish or meat cutlet recipe with breadcrumbs, mix a little custard powder with either milk or water to the consistency of thin cream and use in place of beaten egg as a basis for the breadcrumb coating.

NO COUPONS NEEDED!



TO-DAY'S Fish SPECIAL FOR FOUR!

CUT OUT THIS RECIPE

#### KRAFT FISH LOAF

4 oz. tin Kraft Fish Paste, 1 cup breadcrumbs, ½ cup milk, 2 beaten eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 4 oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded, pepper and salt.

Mix fish with breadcrumbs, ½ cup milk, beaten up eggs, onion and seasonings. Pour into buttered dish (two ordinary oval pie tins will do), and bake in a moderate oven, 350° to 400° F., until firm. Serve hot with cheese sauce made from the shredded cheese and remaining milk (½ cup). Serves 4.

5 Grand Varieties!

1. Anchovy
2. Bonchovy
3. Scallop
4. Bloater
5. Lobster

4 oz. tin only 10<sup>d</sup>

SLIGHTLY DEARER IN COUNTRY DISTRICTS

KRAFT Fish Pastes

ALSO IN ONE OZ. TINS. 12 7/8

### A FISH FOR SAMMY



There's always plenty of noise when it's feeding time at Taronga Park Zoo . . . especially in the seal pit. But Bert Josephson knows how to stop that. He knows how to satisfy a seal's appetite too . . . he's been doing it for years. Here Bert hand-feeds veteran seal Sammy, and by the look on Sammy's face he's enjoying every bit of it. But how about you, Bert? That seems a cold job.

"Too right! Playing nursemaid to a herd of seals is a cold job in any season—so you can imagine what it's like in winter. I'd be a 'sitter' for 'flu without a hot Bonox every day." Seal-keeper or salesman, a cup of steaming hot Bonox hits the spot and warms you up—keeps Old Man 'Flu away. Bonox gives you a lift too . . . builds up that weakened resistance and keeps out chills and tiredness. Drink a cup of steaming hot Bonox every day. It's good for you.

KB73



# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD days are ahead for Librans, Geminians, and Aquarians now, with Scorpions and Pisceans also benefiting from romantic or domestic happiness.

Aquarians are advised to avoid over-confidence, however, and Cancerians, Capricornians, and Arians should live quietly and avoid trouble for the next few weeks.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time subtract two hours, for Adelaide time subtract 30 minutes. Other States as below—

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Routine work proves best this week, so dodge parties and indiscretions. Oct. 7, 8, 9 (to dusk), 10 (to noon), and 12 all poor.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Difficulties likely in domestic or romantic matters on Oct. 9 and 10 this week, so live quietly. Oct. 12 helpful for finalising minor matters.

**GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): Helpful days ahead for promotions and gains. Oct. 10 (noon to 10 p.m.) good, 11 and 12 poor. Oct. 13 very good, so use well.

**CANCER** (June 21 to July 21): Oct. 7 (morning) and 8 (after 3 p.m.) good for romantic or domestic matters, but dodge change and worry on Oct. 9 (to dusk), 10 (forenoon), 11 and 12.

**LEO** (July 21 to August 21): Keep to minor matters now, and dodge rashness.



"It's the first really automatic pencil they've ever made."

**VIRGO** (August 21 to Sept. 21): A helpful week, but avoid rashness. Oct. 7 (forenoon) and 11 (after 3 a.m.) both very fair, 12 (afternoon) very good.

**LINNA** (Sept. 21 to Oct. 21): An excellent week, so use wisely. Oct. 10 (noon to 11 p.m.), 12 (to dusk), and 13 all very good for gains, promotions, and change.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 21 to Nov. 21): Romantic, good news, and domestic happiness all good news on Oct. 7 (to 3 p.m.), 8 (except noon to 1 p.m.), 12 (to dusk), and 13 (except hours). Make good use of favorable days.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 21 to Dec. 21): Oct. 9 (after sunset) fair, 10 (to noon) fair, otherwise good. Finalize urgent matters on these dates. Oct. 11 and 12 both poor.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 21 to Jan. 21): Live quietly now, and dodge worry, ailments, and disaster. Oct. 7, 8, 9, and 10 (forenoon) all poor, 12 (noon to 11 p.m.) fair.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21 to Feb. 19): Seek progress and gains now. Oct. 8 (evening) fair, 9 and 10 both lucky. Oct. 12 and 13 (early and late) fortunate, so use well.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Good news ahead, so plan future activities well. Oct. 7 (forenoon), 8 (evening), 9 (dusk), and 10 (11 p.m. to 11 p.m.) fair for minor matters.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

## Your Coupons

TEA: 25-44 (10-26 expires Oct. 12). BUTTER: 25-25 (expires Oct. 12, when 10-26 becomes available). MEAT: Black 75-77 (expires Oct. 12). SPICES: 81-82 (expires Oct. 12). CLOTHING: 1-26 current.



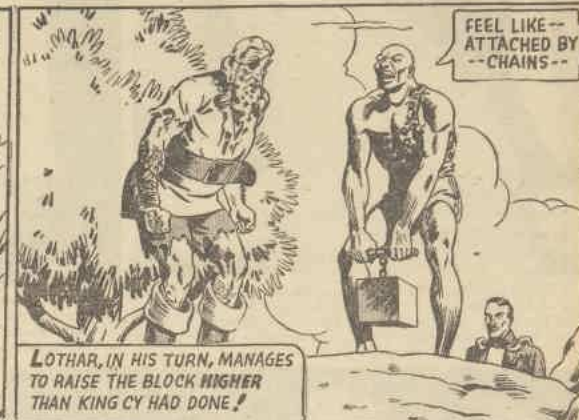
**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, set off on the yacht Argos, owned by wealthy explorer **COLONEL BARTON:** Who is searching for the rare flame-colored pearls. His daughter **BETTY:** Is also on board. In the tropics the four land on a magnetic island, where **KING CY:** Escaped convict, captures them. Cy

intends to keep them as his slaves, like other unfortunate seamen who had previously been wrecked. He tries to stone Mandrake to death but fails. It is decided that Cy will submit to the challenge of the iron block, which is held firm by the island's magnetism. The challenger must lift this block higher than King Cy. NOW READ ON:



I'M THE ONLY MAN WHO HAS EVER—LIFTED—THIS BLOCK!

PITTING HIS GREAT MUSCLES AGAINST THE ISLAND'S NATURAL MAGNETISM, KING CY RAISES THE BLOCK A FEW INCHES.



FEEL LIKE—ATTACHED BY—CHAINS—

LOTHAR, IN HIS TURN, MANAGES TO RAISE THE BLOCK HIGHER THAN KING CY HAD DONE!



ME FIGHT HIM. NO HAD FAIR CHANCE.

BE CAREFUL, LOTHAR! HE'S GIGANTIC!

AND POWERFUL. WATCH YOUR STEP.



UMPH!

THE FURY OF BATTLE IN HIS EYES, KING CY RUSHES CONFIDENTLY AT LOTHAR WHO DRIVES HARD AT HIS MIDRIF—



TAKEN BY SURPRISE, KING CY DROPS TO THE GROUND, GASPING FOR BREATH! JASPER FRANTICALLY URGES HIM ON...

WHY—YOU—



NOW—I'VE GOT YOU, NO MORE FANCY PUNCHING!

THEN, HE HURLS HIMSELF WITH A ROAR AT LOTHAR—GETTING HIM AS HE WANTS HIM—TIGHT IN HIS CRUSHING, BEAR-LIKE GRIP!



BUT LOTHAR'S TRAINED MUSCLES DO NOT FAIL HIM, AS HE PUTS ON THE PRESSURE HIMSELF. KING CY'S EYES POP WITH AMAZEMENT—THEN PAIN, HIS GRIP WEAKENS—



--AND ENDS THE STRUGGLE WITH A MIGHTY WALLOP TO THE JAW! THE GIANT TOPPLES LIKE A GREAT TREE...

TO BE CONTINUED





**SIGNING REGISTER.** Mrs. Joseph Hayes, formerly Diana Inglis, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reg Inglis, of Randwick, signs register at St. Jude's, Randwick, while her husband and father look on. Reception at Australian Golf Club.



**LEAVING ST. MARK'S.** Polo player Jim Maple-Brown and his bride, formerly Pam Calder, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Calder, of Darling Point. Jim is only son of Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Maple-Brown, of Springfield, Goulburn. Couple fly to New Zealand for honeymoon.



**LOVELY BRIDE.** Mrs. Norman Alexander signs register at Shore Chapel while her husband looks on. Bride, formerly Judy Kerr, daughter of the late Kerrs, of Mosman. Reception held at Windsor Gardens after ceremony.



**WED AT ST. STEPHEN'S.** Frank Coker and his bride, formerly June Hefron, younger daughter of Minister for Education, Mr. R. J. Hefron, and Mrs. Hefron, of Maroubra, leave St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street. Bride's mother and father also in picture.



**COUNTRY INTEREST.** Glen Wild, of Yarraman, Allecton, and his pretty bride, formerly Dorothy Watts, of Parkes, leave Methodist Church, Parkes, with attendants: Jack Wild, Glen Wild, Mat Barry, Mrs. Glen Wild, Beryl Watts, and Joan Watts.



**BRIDE FROM SCONE.** Mrs. Theo Firth, formerly Nance Carrigan, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Carrigan, of "White Rock," Scone, cuts cake with her husband at reception at Pickwick Club after marriage at Sacred Heart Church, Randwick.



**WED IN U.S.A.** Colonel David Page and bride, formerly Diana Hodgkinson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hodgkinson, Rose Bay. Diana was vice-consul at Australian Consulate for Australia in San Francisco.



**PETITE BRIDE.** Mrs. Lee Best leaves St. James' Church, King Street, with her husband after their marriage. Bride formerly Mary Fenwick, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Fenwick, of Bomberly, Port Macquarie, formerly of Orandunbrie, Walcha.

## Getting Married

**POPULAR** tune of the week is wedding march as pretty girls, local Sydney lasses and those from country centres, choose sunny spring days for their weddings.

Decide that "Getting Married" theme should illustrate this week's page, so all our pictures feature attractive young brides with their husbands.

**GLORIOUS** Molyneux-styled gown of satin brocade is chosen by Betty Cohen for her marriage with Jack Baker at St. Peter's Church of England, Neutral Bay. Betty has traditional bridal ensemble complete with orange blossom holding, in place three-tiered cut tulle veil, and lily of valley is her choice of bouquet. Unusual color of lavender is chosen for attendants' frocks. Mrs. Keith Baker, matron of honor, and Betty's sister Pat wear lavender crepe with crownless hats to match. Hats are caught at side with real tulips to match lovely shaded flowers in their bouquets. Betty asks her eldest sister, Mrs. Dick Scandrett, to receive wedding guests at Mosman Hotel after ceremony.

**CABLE** from Admiral Edgerton and Mrs. Edgerton from Singapore for Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Taylor, of Strathfield, about wedding of their daughter Margaret. Admiral Edgerton, of Grange Road, Singapore, gave Margaret away at her wedding with Alan Hugh Campbell, youngest son of Mrs. H. E. Campbell, of Bantam, Kingsbridge, South Devon, and late Mr. Campbell. Mrs. Taylor was up before dawn on the morning prior to the wedding and picked all Margaret's favorite flowers from their garden. These, and flowers from friends' gardens, were sent by air, and arrived at nine o'clock on the day of the wedding to decorate the church and the reception rooms at Admiral and Mrs. Edgerton's home, where the reception was held.

**RECEPTION** at Killara Golf Club will follow wedding at St. Alban's, Lindfield, of Margaret Armstrong and Ian Spain. Margaret, who served for five years in A.W.A.S., will have fellow A.W.A.S. officer Stella Swinney as her bridesmaid. David Selby will attend Ian.

**LETTER** from Brisbane gives news of wedding of Sheila Tonkin. "We've a house lent us at Trinity Beach, outside Cairns, for our honeymoon," writes Sheila, who marries charming Queensland bridegroom Colin Wilson this Thursday. Ceremony will be at All Saints, Brisbane.

Charming Sheila, who is so well known Sydney lass, will wear American model afternoon frock in ice-blue taffeta with small matching hat. Ensemble was brought from America for occasion by Sheila's sister Nancy (Mrs. P. G. Federle), of Louisiana, U.S.A. Unfortunately Nancy's two young bairns, three-year-old Michael and baby daughter Lynne, make it impossible for her to travel to Brisbane to attend Sheila as matron-of-honor, but Mrs. M. Tonkin, Sheila's mother, will fly from Sydney to receive guests at small reception after ceremony. Colin's parents, the Arthur Milsons, of Springvale, Winton, also come to Brisbane for ceremony.

**FEW** days' holiday at Temora visiting her fiancé's family for Joan Spark, who plans marriage with Bryan Meagher at St. John's Chapel, Sydney University, on October 18. Joan will have Patricia Tansey and Kath Hazeler for bridesmaids at her wedding, and Barbara Meagher, who is staying with her grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Geoff Deakin, of Mosman, will be flower-girl.

**HONEYMOONING** at Surfers Paradise are John Lee and his bride, pretty Meg Pease, of Parkes, who were married recently at St. Canice's, Roslyn Gardens. Believe Meg looked lovely in cream silk broderie anglaise studded with pearls, worn with coronet of ostrich feathers. Clare Lancaster, of Parkes and Wavertree, and Matron Mabel Young of Parkes, attended bride, and John was attended by his brother Col and Joe Payten. Couple will make their home in John's home town, Eugowra.

**BRIEF** sojourn in Sydney for Mrs. Lyall Howe, formerly Rosemary Blythman, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Bernard Blythman, of Double Bay, before she treks to Melbourne to make home with architect husband. Lyall Howe, Rosemary and Lyall marry in Melbourne recently.

*joyce*



# WORTH Reporting

NEW regulations to be enforced in N.S.W. next year will require manufacturers of leather goods to describe the products correctly and to give the names of the leather manufacturers.

Among substitutes used by a few scrupulous home leather manufacturers in place of leather are leatherette (a fibre composition), goat hide, from the inner side of leather, and roan and basil, both obtained from sheepskin.

Although most leather manufacturers will not be affected, the regulations are designed to stop unscrupulous home leather makers from passing off as leather what is usually just sheepskin, an official of the Department of Labor and Industry told us.

Sheepskin in the past has masqueraded as morocco, kid, kangaroo, crocodile lizard, and even sharkskin, which is expensive and rare in the leather world.

Main purpose of the regulations is to forestall future unscrupulous descriptions of leather rather than to check any widespread evils now existing in the trade, a leather trade spokesman hastened to tell us.

New plastic base for imitation leather goods now perfected in America makes it difficult for even a semi-expert to detect that it is not genuine calf leather, he said.

We don't know how soon these plastic imitations will be on the market, but when they appear the man in the street will immediately be able to detect them.

In accordance with the other regulations governing leather, handbags, wallets, and brief cases made of this composition will all be stamped "plastic base."

THE vicar of All Saints' Church, Brighthelm, Essex, has provided a board for visitors who want to carve their initials on the church door. Even so he fears that many sightseers will still prefer the door.

## Men preferred

BELONGING to an organisation which is almost exclusively female we were interested to hear of developments at Sydney Cotton Mills where men are replacing women at "every opportunity."

To read this in the firm's annual report gave us a slight shock, and we rang Mr. K. D. Barr, secretary of the mills.

He told us that in the textile industry over the past two years the tendency has been to replace women with men.

"Before the war," he said, "we employed young girls for semi-skilled jobs such as winding and battery filling. But now married men aged from 50 to 60 are taking their places."

"The men receive higher wages than women, but, being married, are steadier workers and more inclined to stay in a regular job than girls. Girls are here to-day and gone to-morrow to have their hair set."

## Animal Antics



"Look! I buried four bones here last year and now I find two bones interest... Just like a bank!"

## Towards the stars

A YOUNG reader named Shirley Astle, of Normanhurst, New South Wales, has sent us an account of the extraordinary behaviour of her cat, named Panda. Eighteen months ago Panda climbed a tall gum tree and stayed there for nine days. The tree was so tall that rescue was impossible. Panda had no food, licked his fur when it rained. Finally he fell out of the tree from exhaustion, later recovered.

The second time he had been up a tree for seven days when rescued with ladders lashed together. A month or so later he disappeared, was finally found up a tree, where he stayed eight days.

"For nearly a year," writes Panda's chronicler, "he was a model cat. Now he is home again after another eight days of sitting."

"But he may not climb again as this time the tree had to be felled in order to rescue him, and he hurt his leg badly."

## Piggish

LADY ADDISON, who recently visited Australia with her husband, Viscount Addison, British Secretary of State, says they include a pig among domestic animals at their home in England.

They buy a young sucking-pig and fatten it for the dinner table.

Feeding the brute is Lady Addison's job.

But she makes a point of being brusque about the procedure, so she won't get to know the animal well enough to feel sensitive about its eventual demise. For this reason the pig is usually given a name that is anathema to the household.

As pig-raising, the Addisons' only failure was Edda—named after Mrs Addison's daughter. Edda had the last laugh.

After thriving on the Addisons' hospitality, when everyone was in a turmoil of excitement at the prospect of eating Edda, she took the typical Fascist way out, and died just before the date set for her execution.

## Many a slip

A FRIEND of ours was quickly buying a cotton beach frock at a King's Cross, Sydney, store last week when an elderly man dashed up to the counter and asked our friend and the salesgirl if they knew of anyone who wanted to rent a room.

The salesgirl immediately thought of a man called "Norm," but could not leave her counter to phone him, so our friend obliged.

She rushed out of the store, found a public telephone, rang "Norm," and then dashed breathlessly back into the store and told the nonchalant room-letter that "Norm" was anxious to inspect the room.

Feeling a certain pride in having any part in putting a roof over another's head, she rang the shop a few days later to find out if "Norm" was satisfied with his room.

She learned that he had decided against taking it, after the residential proprietress had gone to the store and put his salesgirl friend through a thorough cross-examination concerning his habits, earning capacity, and social circle.

The proprietress incidentally had told the salesgirl that the man who had offered the room was a relative whom she had instructed to lodge an advertisement with the local paper.

SOME ingenious character in America has been working out ways of saving time by dictating unnecessary words in business correspondence. He calculated that, in Chicago alone, if the word "dear" were dropped it would save the writing of 24 million useless words every day.

## Woollens for Princes

WHEN they returned from Australia, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's two small boys, Prince William and Prince Richard, possessed a tremendous wardrobe of summer outfits but very little cold weather clothing.

As soon as the boys arrived in England Queen Mary started crocheting scarves and gloves for them, and before she began her wedding preparations Princess Elizabeth bought wool and made each of her young cousins a Fair Isle jersey.

The Queen remembered she had some odd lengths of Scottish tweeds put away—bits left over from her own country clothes—so she sent these to the Duchess of Gloucester, who is having them made into coats and caps for the boys.

BOB HOPE'S comment on longer skirts: "Women are never satisfied. Now they can get nylons they want to cover them up."

## Those skirts!

A NOTE on skirt lengths from Betty Nesbitt in London: While Englishwomen are determined to resist the longer skirts, American tourists arriving in England are wearing the new calf-length.

Pretty English actress Peggy Cummins, who arrived from Hollywood recently, wears hers long, too, and in "Separate Rooms," the farce in which Hal Thompson plays the lead with Frances Day, theatregoers had a glimpse of the new length in a frock worn by Daphne Barker.

Englishwomen say they just haven't got the coupons to cope, and that life has too many problems without adding that of lengthening frocks.

Men are opposed to the fashion—not that their opposition would count for anything if the women wanted to follow it.

MAG MINOR, a thieving muggle at Portcawl, in South Wales, who has been known to steal jewellery, silver teaspoons, false teeth, packets of cigarettes, and many other coins, last week stole an open box of aspirin tablets. The theft was discovered when Mag was found lying unconscious outside the back door of her owner's cottage.



Don't be caught rubbing on washday — use **RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS** instead!



## THE LITTLE SCOUTS



Mystery! Crime! Detection! — Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, 1/-.



# Duralife

SOLID DRAWN Aluminium Kitchenware



**Solid Drawn**  
**For longer wear!**

Duralife "Kitchen Companions" are solid-drawn from a heavy gauge of aluminium. In fact, there's an average of 20% more metal than is used in the old spun process . . . and because solid-drawn the articles are harder . . . stronger . . . longer lasting. Pick up a Duralife saucepan in any store. Notice the thick, heavy, resilient, straight-

sided, strong walls that keep their shape through years of hardest service. See the hygienically designed lid with no crevices for dirt or germs . . . notice how tightly the lids fit and how solid and strong they are, too. Examine the colourful, attractive, heat-proof handles and knobs . . . Then you will begin to understand the value of the special process used to draw Duralife Kitchenware from solid, cold metal. In this process tons of pressure are used; resulting in the hardest, strongest and toughest kitchen utensils it is possible to make.

"Invincible" solid-drawn Kitchenware is also made with the same outstanding qualities as "Duralife" solid-drawn Kitchenware, but is drawn from a lighter gauge of aluminium.



## SOLID DRAWN DURALIFE SAUCEPANS

1½, 2½, 3, 5, and 7 pt.

The introduction of this new line ushers in a new era of reliable, durable kitchenware which housewives have never experienced before. The new "Duralife" range includes Saucepans with attractive heat-proof, plastic handles. Also Rollers, Lip-Saucepans, Teapots.



## INVINCIBLE SAUCEPANS

1½, 2½, 3, 4 and 6 pt.

The "Invincible" range includes: a Saucepan, Frying Pan — both with heat-proof handles. Kettle (standard and whistling types) with plastic handle and knob. Hot Water Bottle. Middy. Cake Tins. Colander. Canisters. Graduated Measure (2 pts.).



### BOILER

Ideal for jam-making, boiled meats, puddings and vegetables. Will last for a long lifetime of hard service—it's solid-drawn.



### WHISTLING KETTLE

For every occasion on which you want hot water. Will whistle a million merry welcomes for years and years—it's solid-drawn.



### TEAPOT

Attractive design . . . ever-ready for the eagerly welcomed cup that cheers. Morning, noon, and night—always shiny and bright—it's solid-drawn.



### COLANDER

Quickly drains beans, peas, cabbage, cauliflower, and other boiled vegetables. Full of service . . . even though full of holes—it's solid-drawn.



### CANISTERS

Off the shelf . . . on the shelf . . . twenty times a week for twenty years . . . always dependable, always labelled, always there—they're solid-drawn.



### 2-PINT MEASURE

One of the most useful of all kitchen tools . . . needed every day for flour, sugar, milk, heavy liquids, etc. . . . it's solid-drawn.

MADE IN THE LARGEST FACTORY IN AUSTRALIA DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO PRODUCTION OF ALUMINIUM WARE. ESTABLISHED 1925. OBTAINABLE FROM ALL LEADING DEPARTMENT AND HARDWARE STORES ANYWHERE IN AUSTRALIA.



# And Then He Went Away

MARGRIT'S stepfather smiled. "That is the tactful expression for thinner." Then he said abruptly, "Have you an enemy, Sergeant?"

"Not in Switzerland," Bill grinned. "Just give him time," Margrit said, and she could feel the cold, tight knot of fear beginning to dissolve. The library becoming familiar and cozy again, with Bill grinning at them. His arms were folded over the back of the chair, and his chin rested easily upon them, casual and American.

Her stepfather appeared to relax, too, his broad shoulders settling down into the chair a little.

"After all, the shot may have meant nothing," he speculated. "Switzerland may have remained neutral during the war, but our small boys didn't. They were all 'comandos,' and some of them became 'werewolves.' It is possible that this was a stray shot from some unremembered ten-year-old who got hold of a real bullet. Boys sometimes play in the woods on the hill there. I shall look around before telephoning the police."

He gave Margrit a quick pat on the knee. "Bittie, get the flashlight for me, Liebschen."

When Margrit had left the room, her stepfather opened a side drawer of his desk and reached into a cigar box.

"You do not smoke cigars, Herr Sergeant?"

"No, sir, thank you." "Ja—only cigarettes." Conrad Krollier took a cigar and slowly reared the band.

"The Swiss," he remarked, "are taught rifle shooting in school as boys. They are unrivalled marksmen. A Swiss would not have missed, by so wide a margin, such a target as you presented—unless he meant it as a warning."

"A warning?" Bill repeated. "Warning of what?" And he thought. What the devil's going on around here, anyway? He knows very well who fired that bullet and why. What's the hocus-pocus about and what does it have to do with me?

"This is only a theory of course," The Swiss clipped the end of the cigar. His grey fedora lay on the desk beside his expensive leather briefcase. With his thick grey hair and handsome grey eyebrows and the grey coat of his skin under the yellow light, he was all of a stern guess just then, like a granite rock at the edge of a glacier.

"You seem to be delaying your trip," He changed the subject, striking a match firmly.

"There's a lot to see in Zurich," Bill answered politely, but he felt annoyed. He felt that in some subtle way, in his deliberate gestures, his cool manner of looking at him, Margrit's stepfather was trying to beat him down, to make him feel insignificant and impotent.

"Ja. This is a beautiful city. We have a splendid view of it here. We are very high. Some people have been known to find high places dangerous to their health, even fatal." He lit his cigar and broke the extinguished match between his fingers. "Such people would be advised to stay away."

He thinks I'm after Margrit and he's giving me the brush-off. Bill could feel himself flushing angrily and uncomfortably.

"Sergeant Anthony," Herr Krollier began again. Then he paused. "Ah—but your name was not always Anthony, obviously."

Bill brought down the back legs of his chair. He knew the swift betrayal of the startled look that must have swept across his face and in that instant he hated Margrit's stepfather.

"And so you see, little son," Bill's father had explained long ago, "your mother and I decided to go into court and change my name to one that would sound somewhat like my own, but more American. Your mother would proudly have worn my name, which was a distinguished name in my father's country, but we did this for you. Anthony is a name in your mother's family which goes far back in America."

"It's just that my family emigrated two hundred years earlier. But not on as fine a ship as Daddy's

family came over in, darling," his mother had added.

Bill hadn't understood then why his parents both laughed as they sat on the edge of his bed warming cold poverty with great love and hope.

The devil take this moneybags with his cold superiority! Bill rose from the chair, facing the odd, triumphant expression on the financier's face.

"Anthony is my name and I'm as American as—"

But Margrit was coming in the door now with the flashlight. Conrad Krollier put on his coat again and went out into the thickening darkness to return very shortly.

"Well, there's no need to call the police," he announced heartily, stamping the snow from his feet. "It was just as I thought. I found boys' footprints all along the top of the cliff and disappearing into the woods. So it was only Kinderspiel."

He stooped to remove his overshoe, and as he did so his eyes met Bill's. They said: That is nonsense for Margrit. You and I know differently. As though there existed a secret between them.

It occurred to Bill that Margrit's stepfather might be a little mad.

Usually Margrit was exhilarated by the sight of the strings of lights twinkling away down below in the city. There was something gaily about them, perhaps because strings of lights provided the intrinsic gaiety of garden parties, Christmas trees, night skating festivals in the mountains.

But now, walking silently beside Bill on the way to the funicular railway—she needed a walk, she had said, and she thought her stepfather would have liked, she didn't understand why, to forbid her to go—now she felt depressed and uneasy. Even though the bullet through the window had proved to be only a stray shot from a boy's rifle, the fright had left her shaken.

The discovery of the bicycle had unnerved her, too, overwhelming her with the pain of lovely, lost dreams.

The street along which they walked, with its handsome houses set on their terraced lawns, was busy with its transition from day to night.

A maid carried in from the balcony the bedding and clothes that had been left all the afternoon to air. A boy in knee breeches and thick knitted stockings walked a toy dachshund. A limousine drove up and a man in dark business clothes alighted with slow dignity. The street tried to reassure her. Life is sensible and solid, it said, and what are all these fantasies about a bicycle and a too Dutch painter?

The funicular was a little two-car railroad, one car travelling up the mountainside to the hotels and residences at the top as the other car went down. The cars were midway of the journey when Margrit and Bill reached the small station. They waited outside because it was so beautiful there, and not very cold.

"When you have a thing on your mind," Margrit said teasingly, "you really think about it, don't you?"

"I'm sorry," Bill apologized. "I guess I haven't been saying very much."

"I didn't mind though. Really. I think the nicest kind of companionship is for two people to be able just to walk along comfortably together, don't you?"

"I doubt if we are just two people." The wind tugged at his cap and he set it more firmly on his head. "I think we are three. Our usual three. . . I was figuring that I would go to the Consulate in the morning and see the guy I talked to there. I should think he could find out from the police what information they have on that Dutch painter, since he's an alien."

"The police would certainly know about Van Hoogen—the apparent facts anyway. They're very careful to check on aliens." This time she didn't protest Bill's remaining another day in Zurich. Ever since she had seen the bicycle, Mac's bicycle, leaning against the wall, she had known that Bill would not go yet. A man such as Bill couldn't walk away from that bicycle any more than he could walk away from a horse he had found with an empty saddle, without attempting to discover what had happened to the rider.

She felt Bill's hand resting lightly on her shoulder. "Talk about him some more if you want to," he said. "He must have told you more about himself that night. He must have been the kind that got a lot of fun out of life, wasn't he? Liked to dance and go around to parties?"

"He liked to dance. I remember he told me that when he was in New York he used to go all the time to a night-club on the very top of a

## Make easier shopping for mothers

IT'S about time bigger stores in the city opened a special section for expectant mothers and mothers with babies. This department could be a place where a mother could be shown all the things she wants without moving from the one floor.

She might want shoes for herself, vests for baby, and things for the layette. Too often mothers go to town and have to go from store to store before they find what they want.

Mothers could ring the store before leaving home and give details of what they want—the size, color, and so on.

If any article was not available, they could be told, and so saved the journey. If the articles were in stock, everything could be prepared beforehand, and the mother could finish her shopping quickly and return home before the peak hour travelling.

11 to Mrs. X.Y.Z., Kogarah, N.S.W.

## Suggested films

GOOD children's pictures could be made from time-tested stories such as Grimm's Fairy Tales, Hansel and Gretel, The House That Jack Built, Simple Simon, and Three Blind Mice.

Smaller children, and even older ones, would get enjoyment from films like these, and would appreciate revivals of "Pinocchio," "Snow White," and other popular films.

5/- to Lillian Baines, Mossfield P.O. E. Gippsland, Vic.

## President's bath

IN the issue of 13/9/47, Miss Sudholt asked if special baths could be made for cripples.

It may interest readers to know that on U.S.S. Augusta, cruiser of the American Navy, a special bath was provided for President Roosevelt's use. When he was on board for the signing of the Atlantic Charter, special staterooms were set aside for him.

The bath was shallow, slightly sunk in the floor, made of cream-colored porcelain, with ribs across the bottom of the bath, presumably to prevent slipping.

When I visited the ship while she was in Portsmouth Dockyard, England, round Christmas, 1945, I was told it was the only bath on an American naval vessel.

5/- to Mrs. J. McCall, 3 Thongybridge St., Mt. Lawley, W.A.

## Easy to make

AFTER reading a letter regarding warlike toys for children (19/7/47), I thought I would pass on the following advice. All children love animals, and cheap toys can be made in this way.

Buy a piece of jute canvas, used

other day in Zurich. Ever since she had seen the bicycle, Mac's bicycle, leaning against the wall, she had known that Bill would not go yet.

A man such as Bill couldn't walk away from that bicycle any more than he could walk away from a horse he had found with an empty saddle, without attempting to discover what had happened to the rider.

She felt Bill's hand resting lightly on her shoulder.

"Talk about him some more if you want to," he said. "He must have told you more about himself that night. He must have been the kind that got a lot of fun out of life, wasn't he? Liked to dance and go around to parties?"

"He liked to dance. I remember he told me that when he was in New York he used to go all the time to a night-club on the very top of a

skyscraper."

How often in her mind she had gone dancing with him there. Floating around the dance floor so easily and surely in his arms. He would bend, perhaps, to touch her hair with his lips, and over his shoulder she would see lights far below.

The music would be soft and the people well-dressed and smiling—smiling because Mac was so handsome and because of the lights caught in her eyes. . . .

"I think it was about sixty stories up," she said.

"Tallest buildings in the world." There was something peculiar in the way he had said that. She glanced up at his face and found it expressionless.

"I think Mac is like me. He likes high places." She was using the present tense again, she realised, and how could she help it when in spite

# What's on your mind?

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published under pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

In making rugs. Print the design of the animal on this, and cut to the shape desired. Work in the same way as you would for a rug. Join the edges by sewing or crochet, and stuff with feathers or kapok. Feathers are better, as the toy can be washed when soiled.

5/- to Mrs. C. S. Robinson, Merrygoen St., Dunedoo, N.S.W.

## Dangerous toy

WITH the approach of warmer weather I would like to emphasise the danger of children playing with rubber surf toys in deep water. They give children a confidence which is not justified.

Recently I saw a very small child



on a rubber horse going beyond her depth.

On turning to wave to her mother she slipped, and would have been drowned but for the help of a nearby swimmer.

Teach children to swim, and then, if they wish, they can venture out on rubber floats.

5/- to Mrs. M. Henry, 103 R.M.B., Fullerton Cove, via Newcastle, N.S.W.

## Unable to design

JEAN M. GORDON states in her letter (19/7/47) that dress designing and cutting are not essential to the home dressmaker.

I disagree with her, for the following reasons:

If a girl has to pay for her dress-making lessons, as I did, it is just as well to pay the little extra and have the designing and cutting taught.

Patterns are usually quite expensive, and, as my lessons did not take in designing, it always annoys me to see a dress in a fashion book which I would like to make, but am unable to design.

A friend of mine, taught by a branch of the Technical College, can make absolutely anything, because she knows how to design and cut. I think that home dressmakers should not rely entirely upon patterns, but should learn all they can.

5/- to Mrs. D. J. Brown, Kyogle Rd., Kyogle, N.S.W.

## Surplus explosives

THOUSANDS of pounds could be saved by utilising high explosive material left over from the war. At present being dumped into the sea, it could be used for blasting craters for dams and water-storage tanks.

Gold-bearing country could be bombed to uncover gold-bearing reefs and lodes, and the caverns of the Nullarbor Plains blasted to expose subterranean lakes.

Then this water would be available for the watering of stock.

One enterprising pastoralist near Eucaly has placed a pumping plant 200 feet down in a cavern and is thus able to carry sheep on about 20,000 acres of the saltbush country.

This is proof of the need for water to develop Australia's interior.

5/- to Mrs. A. H. Stevens, Junction Rd., Baulkham Hills, N.S.W.

## School prizes

BEFORE the end of the year school committees might be able to plan a different type of prize-giving day. Last year I attended two, the first at a girls' college. There were many prizes donated by parents and public bodies, but no individual prizes.

Girls in the school each belonged to a different house, and the houses collected the prizes, which were taken on the percentage gained by each member of the house. Prizes were given to the school library or science-room, or were used for sport.

The second prize-giving was at a Government high school, where one brilliant youth took seven books. The top boy and girl had prizes, and other miscellaneous prizes were given.

Therefore the few could feel proud, but if the house had received the prizes everyone would have shared in the honor.

5/- to F. R. Edmonds, Box 246, Renmark, S.A.

## Little children

WHY will mothers send toddlers to Sunday School?

Little ones of two or three are sent with older children to let mother have her Sunday afternoon rest; and they upset all the classes.

In my daughter's class one little thing of three sings "Chickory Chick" loudly when the others are singing hymns. Another liddle cries for mother or talks loudly at the wrong time.

Four is old enough for a child to begin Sunday School. Then he understands that he must behave quietly and also he is old enough to be taught about religion.

5/- to "Mother of Teacher," Rockhampton, Qld.

## Jackets for men

MEN in hospital would look much better if they wore bedjackets. The usual jumper seems unsuitable. Special jackets could be made, looking just like a dressing-gown, only ending about six inches below the waist.

5/- to Mrs. J. Sherry, 8 Walsh Ave., Ballarat, Vic.

of logic there wasn't any past tense in her heart? "High places to live in and play in and fly in." Her voice grew reminiscent.

"When I was a little girl we used to go to a place called Sedrum, in the Grisons. It isn't very fashionable, but father liked the skiing there. Each year I would be so disappointed the first day, walking through the village and seeing the cow dung around the houses and the broken walls and dirty pigs rooting around. Then I'd put on my skis and make a long climb up to a favorite spot of mine.

"From there the village was just like a fairy scene with houses all frosted with snow and a church spire and snow-trails. I'd sit there just looking until I was nearly snow-blind."

Please turn to page 22



# THE FORMBYS HAVE BEEN HAPPILY MARRIED FOR



HATS are Mrs. Formby's weakness. She brought fifteen with her, in a special hat-case. All of them were made for her by a milliner in Manchester. George Formby has come to Australia for a tour of the Tivoli Circuit.



HUNDREDS OF THEM, says George of his wife's hats. This one, he says, looks like the headdress worn by rickshaw boys in Durban.



MORNING SHAPE. George Formby in a white shirt.

## Champion clog-dancer gave up her career to become husband's manager

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

After talking with George and Beryl Formby I had a clear idea why the Royal Family has asked them so often to spend an evening at Windsor Castle.

They are pleasant people to have around.

Having watched George entertain patients at the Repatriation Hospital at Concord, Sydney, I know also why he and Beryl were the last civilians out of Dunkirk and the first into Normandy.

They are with "the boys" all the way.

GEORGE is a thoroughly nice fellow and Beryl, from whom he has not been parted for more than a day since their marriage 23 years ago, is an ideal partner for him.

In appearance George is as homely as he looks on the screen. Beryl, on the other hand, is good looking.

Some of George's features, such as his straight nose, broad forehead, and sparkling blue eyes, would be handsome on many men, but on George they don't add up to good looks.

His greying hair is dark, but his eyelashes and eyebrows are fair. His head comes out to a bump at the back, and the famous tomb-

stone teeth are real and obviously one of his chief stage "props."

In off-stage conversation the teeth are not much in evidence, because he talks quietly and smiles more with his eyes than with his mouth, but on stage they come into full view and help considerably with the "laughs."

The Formbys' first appearance in Sydney was at a reception in their honor in the Australia Hotel ballroom.

George was not the personification of a smart young man.

He wore milk-coconut brown gabardine trousers, a brown-and-white striped seersucker shirt, a fawn over-checked sports coat, and a burgundy knitted tie.

He shuffled along in brown suede shoes as though they were loose carpet-slippers; he was having difficulty in keeping on.

He looked comical in his orangeade; and he was singing.

When he entertained the Concord Repatriation Hospital nights later he was a perfect torial perfection in his Savile Row tailored double-breasted suit, his conservatively patterned and black shoes.

I thought he looked splendid on this occasion, but I was ruefully that "possibly" think he buys his duds at a pool.

On stage George was pretty sure of himself, but he is obviously dependent on who acts as his manager.

When replying to speeches at the repatriation under way well enough out an S.O.S. to Beryl on the outskirts of a crowd referring to "my dear," accompanying it with the help me "look."

Beryl slid quickly through the crowd with the ease of much of the old days, and thereafter posed quietly when he was a word.

When Beryl left the stage George was right on hand, when I reached the minutes later George was on a sofa while Beryl large gift bunches of flowers together, and all the Concord.

She then ordered me to "He has a broad head."

### At the races



GEORGE is "given the oil" by a punter.



RACEBOOK is studied solemnly.



"THEY'RE OFF!"—his horse is in front.



"BY GOOM—what's happening to it?"





"This must be the first time you'll see me wet and hearty," cracks Mr. Formby.

## Royal gift

GEORGE FORMBY wears a pair of gold and blue enamel cuff links. They were given to him by the King. One link carries the Queen's crown and title and the other the King's.

George and Beryl, who entertained on five battlefronts during the war, visited Windsor Castle each time they returned to England, and there George sang.

The Royal Family have all George's recordings, but the general favorite is "It's a Grand and Healthy Life."

George's father was a favorite with both Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. They liked him to wear an ink-black suit and white make-up for his song, "I Was Standing at the Corner of the Street."

and he's not much good without his cup of tea," she explained.

George and Beryl first met when they played the same show together at Castlefield. She was then aged 17, and George was 19.

Beryl, who was the world's champion clog-dancer, was a permanent turn in the show, but George, who had gone to Castlefield for a rest, had blacked his face and joined the show to help out some minstrel friends.

"I didn't talk to her while I was in the show, but I liked the look

of her, and managed an introduction afterwards," he said.

"I chased her for the next five months, and then one morning at 3 o'clock I banged on her front door, and when her father put his head out of an upstairs window and asked who it was, I told him I'd come to marry Beryl.

"The whole family came downstairs for a round table conference about it.

"I proposed to Beryl in front of them, and we were married the next day, which happened to be Friday, the 13th, because I had a special licence in my pocket."

Although George likes cricket, he "blew the whistle" on reports that he has a keen knowledge of the game, and rarely misses a match at Old Trafford.

His long-distance eyesight is not strong enough for him to follow the game closely.

When George was born his eyelids

were closed, and remained so for three months.

"Then one day I sneezed, my eyelids opened, and I'm told my eyesight was all right from that day on," he said.

"But it has never been any good for distance."

George made his last film 18 months ago, but he is contracted to make several more, and will have to begin work in the film studios when he returns to England.

He finds film work tedious.

"You have to go over and over every little thing," he said.

"A thing might seem funny at the beginning, but after you've repeated it for hours it isn't funny any more."

Although George is pleased with the progress British films have made in the past few years he is convinced that England will have to cut down her film expenditure.

"A film like 'Caesar and Cleopatra' has to make a ton of money before it's profitable, and we owe it to Britain to-day not to spend money unless we can be certain it will benefit the Exchequer," he said.

"Anyway, it's the inexpensive little gems like 'Quiet Week-End' that make the money, and Hollywood can't touch England on those little jobs."

George has never been to a night-club in his life.

During his teens he was a jockey for Lord Derby, Lord Stanley, and for his own father, and night-clubs were beyond both his pocket and training hours.

During his early days on the stage he was more interested in establishing himself as a comic than in sampling night-life, and then he married Beryl, who, like himself, prefers a family supper to night-clubbing.

George Formby, sen., was one of England's best comics, but at that time George was completely uninterested in the stage.

While his father courageously turned a racking cough into a gag and shuffled on to the stage in dressing-gown and slippers, George

was busy looking after and riding the horses his father loved.

Five weeks after his father's death George decided to try for a stage career.

"I was getting too heavy for riding and I heard a fellow working on Dad's material one night, so I decided that if he could do it I could," he said.

During his first three months on the stage George "got through on sympathy for Dad," but after that he had his ups and downs.

"I wasn't very successful for a while, but you're not a performer until you've had a few cracks," he told me.

Unlike his father, who was a dead-pan comic, George is strictly a gay one.

## Safety first

ALTHOUGH he cruises in his motor launch on the Norfolk Broads during his leisure hours in England, George will probably refuse any invitations to go sailing in Australia.

"I can only swim about three strokes and then I go under," he said.

"It must be a motor launch for me and I always insist on making port at night."

He laughed outright when I asked him if he had caught any large fish during the fortnight he spent in New Zealand.

"I've only ever fished with a bent pin on a piece of string and I've never caught a fish in my life," he said.

Before his performances began George was a little apprehensive about the reception he would receive from Australian audiences.

"I hope they like my stuff," he pondered.

"One English comedian who thought he'd be a terrific hit here died a shocking death at every performance, so I'll have to work to give them what they want."

But from the first show, he had no further need to worry.

Although he has his witty moments George is not an off-stage comedian and makes no attempt to crack obvious gags in private conversation.

Beryl said he spends most of his time when home at "Berydene" in the Midlands, near Blackpool, tinkering with cars and motor-bikes.

"We've had about 108 cars and I don't know how many motor-bikes since we married," she told me.

"He pulls them to pieces, puts them together and then races around the lanes near home."

"I'll bet the cars we sell are in better condition than when we buy them."

"I like engines to be just right," interrupted George.

The stories told by George to the patients and nurses at Concord Hospital were extremely funny.

His songs were amusing, although only men with the Africa Star on their tunics fully appreciated the salty humor of his song, "Out in the Middle East."

George plays his banjolele as well as the late Gus Bluet played his ukulele.

Like Gus, he picks out his tune on one string and strums the others. This gives a clear tune as well as the usual strumming effect.

George hopes to meet Australia's veteran politician Billy Hughes, but expects any conversation between them to be purely one-sided.

"I'm told he out-talked Tommy Trinder and anyone who can do that can certainly out-talk me," he admitted.

Having seen the beaten look of admiration on Trinder's face when Billy talked to him in the Hotel Canberra lounge after dinner one night last year I agreed with George. He will do the listening if he meets Billy.

George may or may not be your choice as far as stage entertainment goes but if you meet him during his sojourn in Australia you will probably like him.

He is a nice fellow married to a nice woman.



GEORGE and BERYL FORMBY, who have never been separated for more than a day since they married 23 years ago.



—his horse gains in the straight. PAY OFF for Lancashire. George collects.



# NO ROMANCE...UNTIL MY blotchy SKIN RASH DISAPPEARED



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1/6 OINTMENT  
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## MARGRIT

turned to smile up at Bill. "I know why the devil took the Lord to a mountain top to offer Him the world. It was because the world would seem so much more desirable from up there."

"It was the devil though that took Him." Bill didn't return her smile. "Think that over some time."

Behind them a grinding and clanging announced the arrival of the funicular. Margrit felt rebuffed and hurt. She felt that Bill had failed to understand something highly personal that she had tried to express. She had not expected such a lack of sympathy, for he had understood so many other things. She had a shamed sense of having been overtalkative and effusive.

"I'll give you a ring to-morrow, probably in the morning," Bill said. "Good-bye now."

"Good-bye."

He started towards the station door, then he hesitated.

"It struck me that your stepfather doesn't seem very well," he said with some awkwardness. "Anything been the matter with him lately?"

"He's been working too hard and he's terribly nervous." His concern about her stepfather instantly softened her resentment. "Mother and I have been worried about him. He just hasn't been himself."

"In what way?"

"It's hard to explain. Sometimes he seems unnaturally excited, then at other times completely withdrawn, so shut within himself that nobody exists for him. At night, after he's been working in the library, as he often does, we hear him in his room pacing up and down, up and down."

"I wish you could go away somewhere for a while," was Bill's unexpected comment. He reached for a lock of her hair that the wind

had blown over her cheek and smoothed back. "Well, Auf Wiedersehen, bleached blonde," he said.

Margrit watched his tall figure disappear through the doorway to the station. She was aware of the way he walked, an easy, rangy American way. When the door closed it seemed suddenly much colder.

Now people from the up-car began coming out. They hurried past her, their shoes squeaking on the snow, but still she didn't move. The peculiar sensation of being surrounded, of being close to something she could not see or fathom had crept over her once more.

"Margrit, darling!" She started and whirled around. Her mother was coming towards her from the funicular, her arms full of packages, her cheeks flushed with cold. Margrit kissed her and took part of the packages. But they didn't carry them far, for Dr. Ruegg came along in a cab, returning from Basel.

He called to the driver to stop, and they rode with him the remainder of the distance. They climbed the steep steps together, munching chocolate her mother took from a bag and divided among them.

Then they were at the top, with the glory of the lights spread lavishly below them. Anton Ruegg halted, his battered bag in one hand, his Basel paper in the other.

"Ah, wunderschön!" he breathed.

"I never get tired of it," Margrit stopped appreciatively beside him.

"I shall be sorry to leave it," he said simply. "You see I have arranged to sell the house. I find it a great deal of expense for a bachelor. I will be leaving here shortly."

## And Then He Went Away

Continued from page 19

"Sell your lovely house!" Eleanor Krollier exclaimed. The bit of chocolate in her fingers dropped into the snow.

"Ja, it is the sensible thing." The doctor gave her a quick side glance and then looked back at the view.

"You could perhaps have fixed up the garden house and rented it to reduce the expense," Margrit suggested, taking this opening to satisfy her curiosity about the lunch Gertrud had carried there. Watching his face, she added, "It's really a charming little place and with the shortage of houses—"

"But it isn't suitable for winter use," the doctor replied, turning and starting along the walk again. "I imagine it is rather fallen apart inside too. As a matter of fact, it hasn't been unlocked since the day I moved in. It seems like a play-house to me," he added musingly, "yet I have seen mountain families raised in no more space than that."

He went on to say that the strength of Switzerland was, after all, in the simple farm families reared in these mountain chalets, sitting at table at the end of day with the bowl of soup in the centre, the dark loaf, the slab of goat cheese.

"The war was bad for us. All this manipulating of holding companies and patents and Reich-hidden assets—it sent greed like a poison coursing in the blood of too many people." He shook his head.

He was talking to cover his confusion, Margrit surmised. The mysterious inhabitant of the garden house must be a woman. Who would have thought it of their reserved, studious neighbor! Yes, that must be it, she decided, and somehow the thought that the garden house must have been fitted up as a secret love nest pleased her.

Perhaps it was because this conviction removed any possible significance from the way the doctor and her mother had laughed together under the clock and the silence that had fallen on her mother now, the bleakness of her face.

Conrad Krollier found a large square of cardboard to place across the library window, and he fastened the shutters together with a heavy padlock and chain he found in his tool chest. Before they went up to bed that night he tested all the locks on the downstairs windows, and, listening to him moving about, Margrit had once more that sense of inhabiting a beleaguered fortress.

She undressed quickly, dropping off her underclothes under her bathrobe, as she had learned to do during the fuel shortage, and padded down the hall in her soft-soled slippers to the bathroom. It was a windless, moonlit night, and the trees stood grave and beautiful under their weight of snow.

Through the small window she could see the cliff and the quaint, snow-blurred lines of Dr. Ruegg's garden house.

As far as she could see, all was whiteness spellbound under the

moon. There was something in a snowy landscape that had always been native to her spirit. One of her few memories of America was of her young father playing with her in the snow and of a bright red sled. She wondered now whether Mac had owned a sled and gone flying gaily down the hills in Central Park.

During those early weeks in which she had still so confidently expected to hear from him, she had liked to fill in, in her imagination, all the years of his life for herself.

She saw him as a strong, brown little boy spending his summers at the seaside or in the country, with a pony to ride. She saw him at Christmas under a tall, glittering tree, with his electric train and model aeroplanes and new bicycle. She saw him coming home from prep school and bringing silver cups he had won.

All this was an American boy's life and, holding cups of milk to the lips of wizened little children at the refugee shelter, she had liked to think of Mac growing up that way.

Growing up and for what? A blank wall with a bicycle leaning against it? "No, no!" She denied it passionately, she whispered it fiercely against the cold, still night.

She started back down the hall and then saw that the door of her mother's room stood open, and she heard her stepfather's voice and her own name: "—Margrit to visit Fida in Lausanne."

"I see no harm in the boy," her mother's voice answered, "and she isn't a child to be sent packing. But if you wish it I'll ask her if she wants to go."

"I wish you could go away," Bill had said, looking down at her with a little line between his eyebrows.

Margrit leaned against the wall uncertainly. If she went past the door now she might be seen and they would know she had overheard. The hall was completely dark save for a glimmer of light through the open doorway.

"You had better go to bed, Eleanor," Margrit heard her stepfather say. "You will catch your death of cold standing there by the window."

"I will catch my death of cold in any room in this house, Conrad," her mother answered in low, level tones. "I've been dying of it for some time."

Margrit turned and fled soundlessly back along the hall. Snatches of her stepfather's reply followed her, but uncomfortably: "Please bear . . . soon . . . anywhere you like. Nice, Venice . . . You will see."

She waited dully for the sound of her stepfather's return to his room across the hall, shivering behind the door with a lonely coldness that she could feel blowing like an Alpine blast through all the rooms of the high chalet.

To be continued

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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**Naughty BUT OH SO NICE!..**  
Lashings of foamy, frothy lace run riot on these glamour panties. Slit sides are fastened at strategic points with baby blue bows. And don't forget girls, tests prove that undies stay new-looking three times longer with gentle Lux care.



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Night-shadow black in cool sheer—banded with lots of demure, white, eyelet embroidery. Slashing combine! And dips in gentle Lux suds will keep that Spring freshness . . . that lovely new, Lux look season after season.



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## ALFRED



"Yes, I admit I've never heard the bass drum played with such artistry and depth of feeling, Alfred. Now if you could only manage to hit it at the right time."



# Romance is hers!



## She knows the secret of "all-evening" loveliness . . .

A wise miss indeed! She knows that personal daintiness is all important. She knows, too, how to ensure that bathtime freshness will stay with her all through the day or evening. She has learned that secret from baby . . . has learned that the delicate softness . . . the subtle fragrance of Johnson's Baby Powder can be just as flattering to her as to baby.

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# The Professor Forgets His Notes

Continued from page 5

ALWAYS it had been that way. So he confidently said, "We shall now hear from Mr. Spenser regarding the literary qualities of John Galsworthy's classic, 'The Apple Tree.' Mr. Spenser."

Mr. Spenser bounded to his feet, a startling innovation. He spoke loudly and with confidence. He said, "It stinks!"

A subdued roar greeted his words. Everyone who agreed was agreeing vocally, and everyone who disagreed was making just a little more noise disagreeing.

In the next twenty minutes Mr. Galsworthy was reduced to a ruin. All pretence of waiting to be called on was abandoned. Comments flew back and forth.

Professor Alcott was not going down for the third time without at least trying. He got their attention by standing up and raising his voice, and then he spoke rapidly for twenty minutes. He paid no heed at all to his academic lecture. He talked about Galsworthy, told his story, gave a brief picture of the year in which Galsworthy began to flourish.

As for "The Apple Tree," he said, it was dated to them, old stuff. But the conflict of man against convention was not dated, nor the defeat of youth, nor the symbolism of spring and love in the world.

He dredged up odd bits of knowledge he had stored deep under layers of routine lectures, and he talked five minutes past the hour, then stopped suddenly.

"Class dismissed," he said abruptly.

He could hear them arguing all down the hall. And he looked up to find Robert standing beside him, holding out a book.

"I thought you might have time to skim through this," he said, blushing. "One of my buddies wrote it in rest camp. I'd kind of like to know if you think it has anything. I mean—would it be—dated in a few years?"

Then Angela came in. Angela wore a pale blue dress he hadn't noticed before, and a blue flower in her hair. She carried a little white jacket.

"Hi, Atom," said Robert, "where do you think you're going?"

"I have a date with a captain."

"You have a date with a sergeant," he said firmly, "and don't argue or I'll blow my lid."

They went out. Professor Alcott went to the office to collect the next batch of forms to sign.

"How's the class going?" asked the dean.

"Fine," he answered. "Glad to hear it. We've had trouble in some classes. We have had to remove Dr. Bassett; the veterans wouldn't have him. They petitioned the president. Most unfortunate. They said," he sighed, "they didn't have time to waste."

Now he knew. He would be the next. No lit class in the world had ever been like this one. He couldn't reach them. And to-day, even more than losing his position, he felt desperate at the new emotions stirring in him. All his comfortable values attacked, his attitudes blasted. These boys wouldn't accept anything without testing it out.

Of course English was difficult. He wondered whether languages weren't still easy, and he called in at the Romance Language Room to see. He found Professor Rodriguez

signing applications for Basic Spanish texts. Rodriguez threw up his hands.

"They argue," he said wildly, "in Spanish One they argue! They wish to know why the verbs have three conjunctions! Why the preterite and imperfect aren't interchangeable, it would be more sensible!" He sat down, sighing deeply.

"The ones who were stationed in Trinidad," he said, "do not care for the accent of the ones who were at Corpus Christi. They argue about the money in Spanish places I never heard of; how much each place is worth, what they use—" He folded his hands. "They argue," he finished.

"But are they learning anything?" "We are halfway through the book," said Rodriguez, "though how, do not ask me."

Professor Alcott went home slowly, deep in thought. It was evident that, in Spanish, miracles were possible.

He sat at his desk and tried to revise his next lecture, but it was no use. Finally he took up the book Robert had lent him and decided to glance through and then return it the next session. He read the first sentences twice: "It's a cockeyed world," said Shorty. "Up to the front in a forty or eight, out at four, and begin to attack!"

When Angela and Robert came in he was still reading. He wandered to the kitchen where Angela was grilling chops and Robert slicing bread. The chap seemed quite at home.

"What is a forty or eight?" he asked.

"Forty men or eight horses," Robert said. "Cars, you know. Freight cars."

In the next three weeks Professor Alcott read a lot of new things. His

BUTCH



"No, no, Slug—allow me."

unfinished paper on the use of the comma in certain eighteenth-century writings was laid away in his desk. Somehow he never had time to work on it. Instead, he was learning a new vocabulary: potato mashers, ammo dumps, bazooka, burp gun, buzz bomb.

He borrowed some more books from Robert, and some magazines. He read John Mason Brown's "Many a Watchful Night," and Ingersoll's "The Battle Is the Pay Off." And Ernie Pyle's "This Is Your War." He was beginning to understand the men, but it wasn't going to do any good, for they hadn't settled down for one moment to gaze quietly in the green fields of the classics.

He gave up his traditional lectures. He let them talk, and then when he had a fair chance he told them what he felt. He found himself reapplying the old masters as if he were reading them the first time. He fell into fatal weakness, saying to them, "I think you're right. We've been wrong about this for years."

But then, he realised, he wasn't a professor on a pedestal of learning any more; he was just an ordinary guy, as they would say, sort of running the class for practical reasons.

He gave up formal recitations, too. Lying sleepless at night, he sometimes figured out ways of leading them round to some important point without seeming to, and then he felt a thrill of triumph new and heady.

Meanwhile they were romping through English literature. And every time he walked to the office he expected the axe to fall. He was a man who had lost all control of a class, whose academic standing was no more secure than a raft going over Niagara. A flat, complete, utter failure.

And then came the day that they were studying poetry. What they had to say about the love poetry left him weak. But when they came to the war poem the avalanche really started. It was about the glory of a hero's death, and it had never caused a ripple before.

"Hero's death!" said Mr. Breuer. "I'd show him a hero's death!"

"Wish I'd had him crossing the Remagen bridge in my company!" said Mr. Stein.

"He could have had lots of glory landing at Anzio!" said Mr. Breuer.

And after fifteen minutes came the voice of Robert, drawing a little: "Sir, what are we supposed to get out of this piece of tripe?"

Professor Alcott looked out of the window a moment, away from the intent faces. How peaceful the campus looked in the thin winter sunlight and with a pale drift of snow round the bronze statue of The Thinker. Then he turned back to the turbulent room. Possibly education wasn't meant to be peaceful. Maybe it had been petrifying all down the years—maybe it had. He smiled suddenly.

"Yes, it certainly is tripe," he said, "but there are a certain number of duds in any run of shells, are there not? Of course I never was an infantryman."

They laughed. This was funny, when his joke hadn't been funny!

"Now," he went on, "all poetry is not insincere, artificial, without truth. It is our purpose to winnow the bad from the good, develop our judgment. Each man finds beauty in his own time, but we have a heritage from the past which we are not wise to cast aside. We need to study it." He opened his book.

"I will read you something concerning war and freedom written long years ago and ask your consideration of its meaning."

He did not need to look at the words as he began;

"The Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece!

Where burning Sappho loved and sung

Eternal summer gilds them yet

But all except their sun, is set."

There was a stir and a sigh.

"The mountains look on Marathon

And Marathon looks on the sea;

And musing there an hour alone

I dreamed that Greece might still be free."

A dropped pencil sounded loud as a shot in the room.

"Earth! render back from out thy breast

A remnant of our Spartan dead!

Of the three hundred grant but three,

To make a new Thermopylae!"

He laid the book down when he finished the poem. The class was so still that he felt they were too bored to speak. He said, "Lord Byron is out of fashion now. But to an old fogey like me there is the same spirit there that was at Okinawa, or at the Kaiserine Pan, or on the beach at Anzio."

As the bell rang, he gathered up his books and hurried out. He didn't pause until he was outside the building.

A silvery snow was falling from a sky of grey pearl. He was all through, he felt it in his aching bones. A wretched failure, and maybe he ought to tell Angela not, to-night. They'd have to get out of the house; it was a faculty residence. He ought to plan.

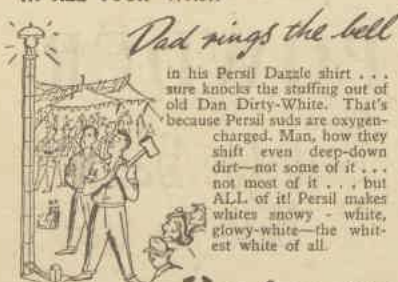
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P.370.19



# How to make your NYLONS last longer

Simple care  
Will make each pair  
Of Nylons  
give you longer wear

Nylon Stockings are made so sheer because nylon yarn is the strongest of all textile fibres. Nylon is tough, too. It stands up well to shoe rubbing and other friction. And it's elastic. It stretches up to 8 per cent. of its original length and goes back. That's why Nylon Stockings fit so well. But stockings as sheer as Nylons should be treated properly. If you observe the following tips, your Nylon Stockings will last much longer.



## WATCH OUT FOR SNAGS!



Be especially careful when putting your Nylons on, or taking them off. Remove your rings and see that you haven't a jagged nail that might catch in the fine filaments and start a snag. If a snag should occur, ease the thread back from the wrong side of the stocking. Even then it may show a little, so keep your Nylons clear of rough surfaces.

## NYLONS WASH EASILY



Nylon yarn is smooth and dirt washes from it very easily. Wash them gently in warm sudsy water after every wearing. Never rub them. Work the dirt out with a squeezing motion. Rinse them in clean warm water. Lay them in the fold of a dry towel and gently blot away the water before hanging them up to dry.

## THE BEST WAY TO DRY THEM



Nylons absorb very little water, so they dry quickly in a normal temperature. There is no need to dry them near a fire, or draped over a radiator. Just hang them over a smooth rail in the shade, or away from artificial heat, where they can dry naturally. If your Nylons are made with cotton in the feet or tops, the cotton will take a little longer to dry. It is best to be sure they are quite dry, even if it takes a little longer.



## IRONING IS NOT NECESSARY

Nylons keep their shape perfectly, no matter how often they are washed. Therefore, there is no need to iron them. Although Nylon Stockings are "shaped" in a temperature higher than boiling point, excessive heat can damage them. So keep them away from excessive heat of any kind. Remember, Nylons are precious!



## SILVERFISH AND MOTH GRUBS WON'T EAT THEM

Pests, such as silverfish and moth grubs, which can be so damaging to other fabrics, will not attack nylon. Even if the silverfish and moth grubs could find nothing else to eat, they would starve before attempting to eat nylon. So your Nylons will not harm, no matter how long they may be stored in your stocking drawer.



## AND THEY'RE PROOF AGAINST MILDEW

The semi-tropical conditions of our summers, with damp, steamy weather, will not cause your Nylons to mildew. And if you live near the sea, where the air is so often laden with moisture, it will not harm your Nylons, which are proof against damp and humidity. But, of course, it is best to make sure that your Nylons are dry before they are put away.



## NO, THEY WON'T BURN

Maybe you've heard silly tales about Nylons melting away on legs that get too close to a fire or radiator. Don't you believe it! Nylon won't burn. And to melt nylon fibres would require a temperature hotter than that of boiling water. But burning cigarette ash or a very hot iron will cause damage.



## BUT THEY CAN LADDER

Nylon thread doesn't break easily because it is actually stronger than steel of the same thickness. But should you break a thread, your stockings will ladder. So it would be wise to avoid all those snags that may cause ladders—pet cats and puppies, umbrellas, rough chair legs, and so on—not forgetting, of course, such things as rings, bracelets, jagged finger nails.



## THOUGH THEY MAY BE EASILY MENDED

Of course Nylons can be mended. It is quite easy to catch a snag if it looks like developing into a ladder, and in course of time mending threads of nylon should appear on the retail counter. Unfortunately, Nylons will be in short supply for some time, so when you are lucky enough to buy a pair or two, let these tips on their care help you to make them serve you longer.

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**B**UT when he got

home the house was dark, although Angela's books and fuzzy jacket were on the hall table. The groceries were on the sink, too. He dashed through the house, calling, ran upstairs, saw the door to her room open. He made out her huddled figure on the bed, and he heard the wild, bitter sobbing.

"Angela! What is it? Are you sick? What's wrong?"

"I'm all right. Leave me alone." Her voice was broken and muffled. He stood there helplessly, his bi-focals fogged. "Angela, tell me!"

But she kept on crying and saying, "Nothing, I'm fine. Just leave me." In the end he gave up and crept downstairs to the kitchen. Angela never cried. This was something dreadful! She was like her mother, sensible and steady, with courage enough for three women. Always gay and sunny and sweet. What had happened? He had no idea—no idea. Awkwardly he plodded round the kitchen fixing coffee and toast, carrying the tray at a slanting angle up the stairs.

But Angela only shook her head and sobbed. He was desperate now. He had to do something. But what could he do? And then he wondered

## The Professor Forgets His Notes

Continued from page 24

suddenly whether she had confided in Robert Spenser. They had been out late the night before and he had missed her at breakfast. Possibly Robert might know—

He felt feverish as he pulled on his goloshes again and wrapped his heavy woollen scarf round his neck and found his overcoat. Everything happens at once, he thought, rushing out into the winter night.

Doggishly he waded through the thickly falling snow, pushed into the smoky haze of the Veterans' Club.

The slap of cards came from gin-rummy tables, the click of chips from the end of the room, and round the piano a group was rendering "Kiss me once, and kiss me twice, and kiss me once again, it's been a long, long time."

When he pushed his way farther in, he saw Robert and about eight of his English Lit class bending over a table with a long paper in front of them, to which they were affixing their names. Professor Alcott stopped short, his throat tight, his heart pounding.

A petition! They were signing a petition to have him removed at once. Not even grace until the end of the term! For a moment the room seemed to sway, and then he thought of Angela, squared his shoulders, and moved in.

"May I speak to you, Mr. Spenser?"

Robert gasped, jumped up. "Why—why certainly, certainly!"

The next instant he manoeuvred them to the next room, which was quiet except for three boys practising drums.

"What is it?" Robert was looking at him strangely. "What's wrong?" The same words, the same voice.

"It's Angela," said Professor Alcott. Robert seized his arm. "What?" His voice was suddenly hoarse.

"She's crying so, and I can't find out what it's about. I thought she might have told you—"

"Did she send you?"

"She didn't even speak to me," he said. "I only thought you might—might know—"

"Sure I know," said Robert, running his hands through his red hair. "She wouldn't marry me next Tuesday, so I threw her over."

"You—she—you—what?"

"Well, it was either—or," said Robert furiously. His mouth was white.

Professor Alcott's scarf was strangling him. He unwound it and breathed. "Young man," he said, hearing his voice with surprise. "You can't run my daughter like—like a breakthrough!"

Robert made a sound. "You," said Professor Alcott sternly—"you are the man who wanted to cover the whole field of English literature by May. Now you expect to find your way round a woman's heart in eight weeks!" He drew a long breath. "But of course she doesn't love you. She's too young for love."

His head was whirling. He had called her a woman for the first time, and she was just a child—and what had happened to him?

"Hah," said Robert, "she's just as crazy about me as I am about her!"

"Then what's wrong?"

"She won't get married because she's so worried about leaving you. She says she can't do it."

Professor Alcott looked at him. "If I were a fighting man," he said clearly, "which I am not, I wouldn't run out a white flag. I would—I would man the tanks and—charge!"

The door banged. He was alone. Alone with the three drummers, that is. He rewound his scarf and hurried out, only to see Robert's figure far ahead.

He followed slowly, feeling the weight of the snow on his face. I have gone completely mad, he said to himself. Everything I have been through has unsated my reason. I seem to say whatever comes into my head, without careful premeditation. I rush in where—where Angela fears to tread, in a manner of speaking. A failure as a teacher, a worse father.

By the time he reached the house, the porch light had been turned on. Angela stood in the open doorway, letting all the cold into the house, which would throw off the oil heater completely. Robert was beside her, gathering her into his arms. Snow starred her ruffled gold hair, her face was swelled and red from crying, but he was kissing her right in the light of the porch lamp.

Professor Alcott checked his speed,



roughed loudly. But Robert went on talking, between kisses. "Baby, forgive me!"

"Chips!" she said. "Oh, Chips!"

"I'll wait as long as you say," he said. "Your dad's right, I'm a block-head, a dope, a—"

It was cold on the front walk. One of his goloshes leaked. He thought they would never go inside so he could get in himself. When they did, he was so cold he stumbled as he climbed the steps.

He tried to sneak up the stairs, but he couldn't help seeing them in the living-room, just standing and looking at each other in the light of the old lamp as if they had never seen each other before. And the words came back to him. "The apple tree, the singing, and the gold." Yes, this was what Galsworthy was talking about. No matter what words they used.

He took two aspirins, undressed, wished for a glass of milk but decided not to interrupt them, found a chocolate bar, and ate that. He got into bed, lit his reading light, and took up Wordsworth. Wordsworth would be calming. He tried to read, but he found Wordsworth only made him nervous. Wordsworth, he thought gully, sounded stuffy.

He laid the volume aside, reached in the drawer, and brought out a paper-covered book. The History of the 394th Infantry. He got to sleep finally.

In the morning he found a note propped against the coffee-pot: "Darling, see you after class. Had an errand. A."

He drank his coffee and ate a bowl of dry cereal, started wearily to class. He might as well see the dean and get it over with. Resign before he was ousted.

It had cleared and the air was amazingly vibrant with sun and cold. A beautiful day for a man's last day in his real life. He went slowly, slowly, but he reached University Hall in the end, hung up his things, went to the office and found the dean.

This, he thought, is the death of the spirit, the end of all that I ever was, a teacher.

"Oh, good morning," said the dean pleasantly. "How did you know I was going to send for you?"

"I—I expected it." He wished his heart would settle down. It shook him all over.

"Well, Alcott, I have just been

reading a petition from your class," said the dean. "You know, there was some question of dropping it last year?"

"Yes, I know." He steadied his hands against the desk.

"I thought, therefore, you would have a special interest in this petition."

Now Professor Alcott stood up very straight and drew a hard deep breath. At least he would take it like a gentleman and a scholar. "I believe I know," he said quietly. "It is signed by the entire class, is it not?"

"Why, yes, it is," said the dean, "and I may admit, just between us, Alcott, this is the first unanimous petition we have ever received."

Professor Alcott felt the blood drain from his face. He nodded but he was not able to speak.

"And so I congratulate you," said the dean, offering his hand.

"Congratulate—me?" It was a harsh whisper.

"Heartily," said the dean. "A man who can meet the new era so successfully is a member of the faculty of whom we may be proud, indeed."

"Proud?"

"Yes. As you already seem to know," said the dean. "They wish a supplementary hour added next semester. The same kind of forum you have used so brilliantly this term, but using an earlier period in literature. Now, how do you react to the idea? Or would it be too much? You look a little under the weather, Alcott—pale."

**S**TANDING a little more erect, Professor Alcott said, "I—I was never better in my life." His head was whirling. Tracer bullets were going all through him. "And I may say I have never had such a group of students in all the years of my teaching. It—teaching has become—become really stimulating under the G.I. Bill."

"We can discuss the room later," said the dean. "I am afraid we may have to put you in the old room under the stairs for the extra hour."

Professor Alcott waved his hand. "Oh, any old foxhole will do," he said airily. "A room means nothing to me!"

He went out walking on eggshells. His class, his boys. He gave them what they wanted. His life wasn't over.

Or maybe he had died and gone to heaven!

There was Angela, waiting by the water-cooler. She looked like a lighted candle. She looked like the best lyrics of Byron.

"Darling, I have to tell you," she said. "It's wonderful! He loves me!"

"Oh, does he?"

"We want to get married."

"Is it—definite?" he asked.

"We thought—next Tuesday," she said. "Will you—will it be—can we possibly—"

"I'm sure it can be arranged," he said. "If Chips puts his mind on it!" He broke off then, as the dean came after him. "I wonder, Alcott," he said. "If you'd address the Educational Association next week on Educational Rehabilitation of the Veteran?"

Professor Alcott smiled. "I couldn't do that," he said, "but I'd be delighted to give an address on Educational Rehabilitation of Civilians!"

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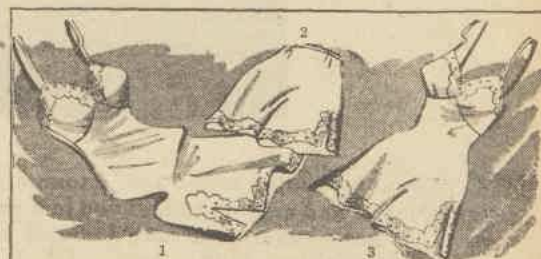
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The Australian Women's Weekly — October 11, 1947

Page 27

**BUSHHELLS TEA** is better because it has a flavor that lingers and delights you with its piquancy.



# Recipe for Housewives Who Need a 'Lift'

Housework was such a drudge . . . but now — a cup of tea with 2 'ZANS' TABLETS and I feel ready to fly through the work!



When molehills seem like mountains; when you're jaded and nervy and feel you just can't carry on . . . that's the time to take a couple of 'ZANS,' those amazing little APC tablets.

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24/47



# IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

How to address their parents-in-law worries some newly married people. They feel that Mother and Father or Mum and Dad belong to their own parents and that Mr. and Mrs. sounds formal

WHILE some people call their in-laws "Mother" and "Father" or "Mum" and "Dad" quite happily, others find it easier to address them as "Mr." and "Mrs."

The writer of the letter below thinks that her husband is wrong to address his mother-in-law as Mrs. instead of Mother.

"DO you agree that by calling his mother-in-law 'Mrs.' instead of 'Mother' my husband is showing her more respect? He maintains that this form of address is correct."

The use of the term Mr. or Mrs. in-laws does not imply greater respect for them than less formal modes of address. People who find it difficult in calling them Mother or Father feel just as much respect. Your husband is doing what most people do, using the form that comes most naturally to him. As far as I know, there is no definite ruling on the subject.

"ALL my life I have spent happy week-ends with a friend and her family. Now they are spoiled by her brothers, who pester me far more than I can stand. I feel only sisterly affection. The youngest is a year older than I am. I hate to think of breaking off our friendship because of the boys."

Don't break off your friendship, but if you are made to feel uncomfortable, give up your week-ends. Later you will be glad to know young men. In a year or two there will be dances and other outings. Just now it seems that the friends of your childhood are a little too old for you.

"THE boy I used to keep company with has gone to another town, and has been paying attention to a girl there. Should I ask him to choose between us?"

If you do you will at least know where you stand. But my advice is to wait a little. You have nothing to lose by ignoring the whole thing. When you see him, be as nice as you always have been, and you may accomplish what you want without any fuss.

"THE man I have been in love with for years has become a widower. I am single, and he has advised and helped me in business for a long time. Do you think that because I am city-bred and his heart and soul are wrapped up in his property I would make an unsuitable wife should he ask me to marry him?"

Plenty of city-bred women have made an outstanding success as the wives of country men. It is only those who cannot adapt themselves who are at a disadvantage when they try to fit into a new way of life. If you love this man sufficiently, there is no reason why you should be afraid of tackling a new career.

"PLEASE settle this family discussion. Is the bride-to-be expected to provide cutlery, dinner services, and kitchen utensils?"

It used to be customary for girls to provide certain things for their future homes. To-day, when so many support themselves, many are unable to do this. If possible the bride or her people supply the household linen, cutlery, china, and kitchen utensils. But the time has passed when it is expected of them. For this reason the couple are often given dinner services and cutlery as wedding presents.

"DO you think a man who proposes 'out of the blue' to a nice girl stands any chance of being accepted?"

The man who has time on his side and can win the girl's affection and respect over a period stands a better chance. But people do fall in love remarkably quickly at times, and if it is a question of now or never, my advice to you is to pop the question and see how you fare.

"WE used to live in a town, but now live in the bush. When we do go to town I feel that my former friends don't want me. Yet I am sure I dress as nicely as they do, and keep myself up to date. Am I just imagining things?"

I think you have allowed yourself to develop an inferiority complex. Try being yourself and do not think about the impression you will make on your former friends. Just be natural and they will be exactly the same as they have always been.

"I AM a married woman with two children, one 11 and one 13. My husband for the past year has been enamored of a widow older than himself, and is hardly ever with us. The children are old enough to suspect what is going on, and the disgrace is breaking my heart. What do you advise?"

It would seem that you have only two alternatives. One is to hold on to what remains of your domestic happiness, hoping that your husband's infatuation will pass and he will again prefer the companionship of wife and children to that of a widow whose behaviour brands her as a heartless home-wrecker. The other alternative—one that can only be considered as a last resource—is to take steps to dissolve the marriage.

"IS it right to invite my approved 'steady' to go with me to a relative's place in the country for my holidays? It would be nice for us both, but rather lonely without him, as there would be only older people there."

The first people to consult are your parents, then your host and hostess. Provided they all agree and the boy would like to go, there is no reason why he should not share your holiday with you. But some boys are shy about being so obviously branded "a steady." However, if the others agree, ask him and see what he feels.

"WHEN my married sister broke things up between myself and a boy-friend, I gave in weakly and didn't fight back. Now I am sorry, and think this boy was right when he said to take no notice of her and live my own life. I still like him better than anyone else and know that he feels the same way about me."

Your sister was either being jealous (in which case she should be ashamed of herself) or acting for your own good. You'll only find out by asking her why she acted as she did. According to what she says you can then either tell him that you intend in future to back your own judgment, or that you now know why she used her influence to make you give him up.

"AS a man I have always understood that no well-dressed man ever wears a tie pin through his collar. Is this so?"

It is.

"AT a day wedding is it correct for the groom and his attendant to wear white or black bow-ties?"

Bow ties are not worn, but plain ties of a dark color. With these the men usually wear white shirts and either grey or dark business suits.

"WOULD you advise a girl who is almost engaged to see an old sweetheart who wants to get her back?"

I don't think she should be afraid of seeing him. If she is, it means that she isn't as certain of her affections for her intended fiancé as she should be.

"DO you think a man 12 years older than the girl to whom he has shown some attention could be waiting until she was older before he spoke of love? The girl is 19."

Frankly, I don't. But you can never tell; it could be that this man is doing just as you suggest.

"SINCE coming to live and work in town, I have been taken out several times by a man friend. I feel self-conscious about letting him pay always, as there is nothing romantic about our friendship. What do you think?"

All that is required of the woman in such circumstances is to accept gracefully. Men don't ask girls out if they can't afford it. By making a fuss about expenses you would only embarrass your escort.

## When writing for advice on your problem...

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column. Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 9. She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

"REALISING that times and customs have changed since I was a girl, would you give me a few hints about kitchen-tea?"

As the hostess you should receive the guests as they arrive. To do this it is usual to stand somewhere near the door. No entertainment is provided on such occasions, the guests talking to each other and moving from group to group. Those invited are expected to bring with them some small gift for the future kitchen of the girl who is to be married. Afternoon tea or supper is provided according to the time of the "tea."

"A BITTERNESS has grown between my mother and myself. Both have said hurtful things when angry, but whereas I always forgive and forget, mother cannot do so, and refuses to accept my apologies."

As you grow older you will realise that some people like yourself are able to forgive and forget; others, like your mother, are not. For this reason you should never say in anger the things that you would not say ordinarily. Apologising after you have hurt somebody is, after all, only apologising. It is best not to hurt people in the first place.

"SHOULD the youthful, unmarried president of a committee have an older woman to act as his hostess at a ball? Also, should the visitor receiving the debutantes be presented to the committee, or they to her?"

The greater social experience of a suitable older woman acting as his hostess would be very helpful to any young president. People should be presented to a visitor of importance, not she to them. That means addressing the visitor first, saying "Mrs. So-and-So, may I present Mrs. —," naming a local citizen.

"BECAUSE a friend of mine has been going out with a married man, I am forbidden to do anything more to do with her. Should I just stop seeing her, or tell her the reason?"

If she continues to play the role of home-wrecker she is going to hear many more unpalatable truths; certainly tell her why your friendship is at an end. Plain speaking may be just what she needs to bring her to her senses.

"What a record for Velvet Soap..."

THIS SILK SHIRT IS STILL IN USE AFTER 16 YEARS' SOLID WEAR!"

says Aunt Jenny

Meet Mrs. Sands, of Lauderdale Ave., Manly, N.S.W., as she tells Aunt Jenny her wonderful real-life Velvet story.

• Original letter in our office.

"NO WONDER MY HUSBAND'S PROUD OF THIS SHIRT," says Mrs. Sands. "It's every day of 16 years old—and, apart from the cuffs, which I turned a few years ago, it's as good as new. Of course, I've got Velvet to thank for that. Velvet's so gentle with my clothes—they last for years."

"AND JUST LOOK AT THESE CURTAINS," laughs Mrs. Sands. "You'd never think they were 12 years old. That's because I've always washed them in Velvet." Yes, ladies, those suds are so gentle that even delicate lace like this lasts years longer when washed in Velvet.

YES, housewives everywhere are singing the praises of Velvet because it makes clothes and linens last far longer. It's hard rubbing with skimpy, inferior lather that frays fabrics—wears them out before their time. But, with Velvet's extra soapy suds—even ground-in grime comes away with just a few light finger-rubs. And, since there's no hard rubbing, everything stays like new, year after year.

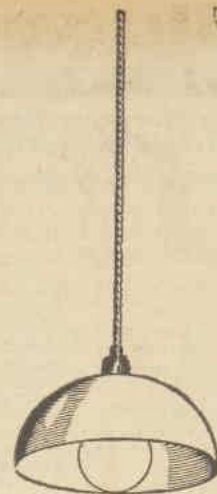
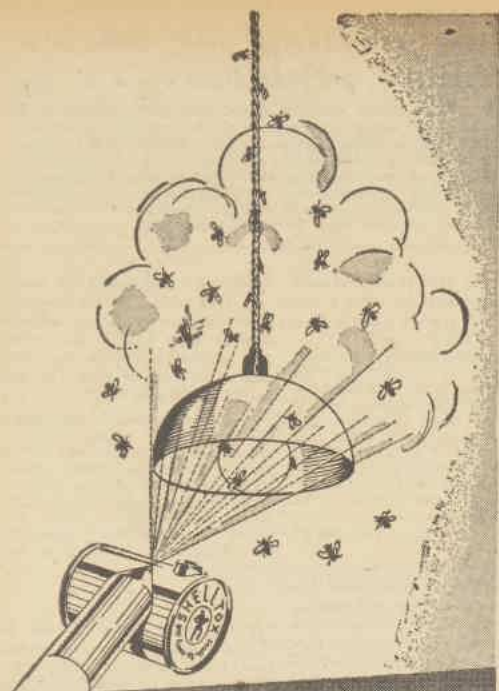


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# THE BLUNTS: Honi Soit and all that

Weekly Feature  
written and  
illustrated by  
JILL BLUNT



"That'll touch you ter starve us and bully us..."

## They fix it...

From our London office

BRIGADIER "JIMMY" JAMES, B.D.S.O., has found a peacetime use for his famous 14th Army slogan, "We'll fix it."

After 33 years in uniform he couldn't bear the prospect of idleness when he returned to London from Burma.

So he and his wife started a sit-in agency and went out to mind babies.

New baby-minding is just one of the agency's activities. There is a staff of 70, and there are few requests to which the reply is not "We'll fix it!"

Two of these are queuing for nylons and finding rented houses.

First "different" call was from a women's Service club. Their cooks had walked out, and they wanted dinner prepared for 40.

Mrs. James and an assistant did the job. Not long afterwards Mrs. James was shopping for someone else's trousseau at Norman Hartnell's.

Some members of the staff are filling in time until they find jobs, some are wives who want to work part time. Six have degrees, ten were pilots, and one did a lot of experimental parachute-jumping.

The brigadier claims that his Army experience helps him to judge character. He realises it would not do if his assistants came to scrub and stayed to burgle.

The postman delivers a variety of parcels which may contain women's blouses, socks full of holes, underwear, frayed shirts and collars. These are returned washed, ironed, and mended within 24 hours.

On moving day carpets are laid, furniture placed, pictures hung, the beds made, and supper cooked for 25/-.

Room and restaurant reservations are made, and home hospitality arranged.

AS I lay supine in my bath I could feel the beneficent hot water drawing the black rage from my heart as it draws inflammation from a wound.

I had taken refuge from my Mr. Hyde, who had been urging me to commit infanticide. This was a wise move, for apart from the lulling effect of hot water, it is almost impossible to go forth and commit a hideous crime while you are sopping wet.

The object of my evil intention, both of it, was lying panting outside the bathroom door, recovering from the sixth round of the great fistcuff marathon, gathering breath and eating oranges to stay them for the seventh.

But I didn't care any more. I had a nice magazine, cigarettes, and the hot-water tap gurgling loud enough to blur to a babble the ardent threats, breathless threats being exchanged by the belligerents outside the door.

Both doors were locked; I could stay here all day in the blissful steam gazing at the impersonal surface of the tiles or at the cerulean-blue square of sky at the top of the window.

Then the magazine I had been reading drifted past my chin, open at Penny's favorite picture of the week... a wordless gag by Charles Adams depicting a flock of Frankenstein and evil midgits gathered on a rickety balcony pouring hot lead on to some earnest carol singers below.

What were my monsters doing now? I turned the tap off to listen.

The ensuing silence was little short of horrible.

Then came the face at the window! Furry, grinning, baleful yellow eyes glinting in the silhouette.

My breath loosed in a hiss of relief as the rest of Tober Mory cooed like toothpaste over the window-frame, to plop feet first into the handbasin.

There was little doubt that unseen hands had aided the creature's uncanny journey through the window.

As I awaited the aloof visage of the elder cat to appear on the sky screen, the clothes-prop waggled into view like a drunken puppet, flapping on one arm was my dimity blouse and on the other my pink bull's-eye blouse.

"Aha!" I sighed with contentment... Mrs. Leaf was in the garden hanging out the clothes, along came a bul-bul and pecked off her nose.

I wondered idly which blouse I'd be wearing to-night.

We were due at Julia's for dinner. Although Julia lives just round the corner I'd a mind to doll myself up in my new pink suit that makes me look like Charles II.

I squinted at the sunlit garment outside, wondering if the pink of its roses would go with the suit. A satanic-looking trident with curved prongs rose and hovered uncertainly about the pegs.

"Mrs. Leaf!! Mrs. Lea!!" I screamed. "Quickly!" as if Mrs. Leaf could be quick. "My blouse. Those monsters... they're clawing the clothes off the line with the cultivator!!"

But the thwarted trident had vanished as quickly as the frightened birds.

Mocking laughter, fading, fading, and the rather purring voice of Mrs. Leaf suggested that I could relax again, although my fingertips were shrivelled like walnuts.

I let a gallon or two of the tepid water out, and once more turned on the hot tap and wondered how I could reach my towel

without stepping on the icy floor when I did get out... when I did get out!

Yes, Julia was a good hostess. I hoped she'd make one of her coffee souffles.

Uncle Edward the Chair-breaker would be there, just returned from the Mysterious East, laden with unsuitable gifts for his self-appointed nephews who wouldn't be there, ha! ha!

Mrs. Leaf would be minding them... or would she? Supposing they clawed some more washing off the line?

The bath was too hot; I must get out, anyway; heaven knew how long I'd been in it. I tossed the nailbrush at Tober Mory, who was asleep on my clean woolly singlet, and was about to emerge, when an indifferent voice from under the door said, "Hey, are you drowned or somethink? We're hungry!"

"I couldn't care less," I replied with equal indifference. "You can stay hungry."

"Didja really mean that about no lunch, darling sweet?" cooed Penny's voice.

"Certainly."

"Okay, well we won't letchoo out, see!"

Then came a series of diabolical cackles.

## BATHROOM BATTLE OF NERVES

"We made a barricade, see, an' ya can't get out. Ha! ha!"

"Yeah, we got dad's big trunk be'ind the dressing-room door, an' the verandah table be'ind the other one," Taffy told me chattily.

"Yes, an' now we gointer put the wargrove there too!"

"Ignore them," whispered Dr. Jekyll... "reason with them, or just call to Mrs. Leaf."

"Annihilate them," hissed Mr. Hyde. In the meantime I wondered how much of the barricade was real and how I would make a dignified exit from the window in my underpants if I couldn't make Mrs. Leaf hear... in the meantime I had to keep warm, and the best place was under-water, whence I retired, toyed with revengeful thoughts, and wondered whether I'd be able to get the shiny spots off my black suede shoes to wear to Julia's—if I went.

Once more the obliging crevice under the door let through a drift of sound.

"B-z b-z b-z..." A conference, then the spokesman said, "We're getting ourself some lunch, see!"

Then Mr. Hyde, to my fury, said, "So? Lobster Mornay I suppose, followed by fillet mignon?"

Dear, clever boys, there is nothing you can get without my assistance—see ha ha, yourself!"

"That's what you think," said a voice outside the window. "We're gunner get somer that garbadine sausage, and—pickoles, whew! delish! an' passionfruits... now, will you get our lunch?"

If I did get to Julia's, I reflected bitterly, it would be in a tastefully cut strait-jacket.

"Mrs. Leaf!" I bellowed in bass. "Mrs. Leaf!" I called in a controlled contralto that desperation caused me to swing into a shaky treble.

"Yes, Mrs. Blunt, what is it? What is it?"

Saved! It was dear Mrs. Leaf fussing and purring outside the door.

"Make these apes, those vipers, those pestilential brats take those things away from the door—they've locked me in..."

"Sh-sh, Leafe, don't tell 'er, she's a witch see, an' she's locked in the dungeon, with a cat, too... well she hit us wif a broom!"

"The back of the hearth-brush," I corrected.

"Well, that's a kinder broom..."

"Ush now!" purred Mrs. Leaf. "There's nothin' against the door, Mrs. Blunt, not that I can see."

"Ho," I said, and "hum," and rose from the water like an avenging Loch Ness monster. Still snoring, I burst from the bathroom and cast about for a weapon—a spiked club or a blunderbuss—anything lethal.

Leafie was standing on the verandah, beaming. Astonishingly she said, "They've been real good boys," and then looked proud and doting all at once.

"Wot?" I said suspiciously. "Come an' see," said they.

I stalked warily in their wake to their room, and gasped... like a new pin it was!

All the furniture in new places, not a garment, not a toy, not a book on the floor; even the bottled seahorse had been removed from the window-sill.

In triumph I was led to the kitchen, where the table was laid for a feast. There were garbadine sausage in enticing clumps, lacerated tomatoes, and wonder of wonders, plates of tinned corn with parsley trees growing in the middle, and a pot of steaming tea all for me!!

No, they wouldn't touch a bite of it; it was my surprise, and Leafie could have some if she liked.

But what about that cultivator? Oh, that was Mrs. Leaf not wanting to let the clothes-line down because the sheets might drag on the ground, and needing to curb a vagrant strand sprouting from the line.

And the cat? It had climbed a rather wobbly branch and saved itself by the skin of its claws on the window-frame... and all the rest was one huge joke to sharpen the joys of the surprise clean-up and scrumptious lunch.

Which just goes to show... "Honi Soit"...

They came in to admire my clothes I set before I set out for Julia's, murmuring their compliments and referring to me as a girl, and had I remembered to buy that block of ice-cream for their tea, as was my wont when I went out to dine?

A big block, they hoped.



"She's a witch and she's locked in the dungeon..."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

The Australian Women's Weekly—October 11, 1947

Page 31

Remove those tell-tale streaks of grey with Hilcastle Hair Pencil — 7 Natural colours — lasts and lasts.





DAVID NIVEN danced a reel on the boat-deck to show appreciation of a welcome by Scottish bagpipers when he returned to England in the Queen Elizabeth. He is now starring in the British film, "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

# David Niven plans future of his two sons

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

David Niven, who before his marriage was regarded as Hollywood's most amusing, most irresponsible, most elusive bachelor, has shown admirable seriousness about bringing up his children and trying to fill the gap left by the tragic death of his wife, Primula, more than a year ago.

He held decided views about the ideal wife, and he waited a long time before marrying.

**T**ILL then he tricked Hollywood by alternately denying and confirming rumors of romance with some of the loveliest film stars there.

His surprise marriage to his young English bride he considered perfect.

Now, at forty-two, he observes his responsibilities as a father, and is becoming, according to his friends, "very houseproud."

David is back in England after a year in Hollywood and has begun work in the starring role of "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

He insists: "I really mean what I say about settling in England in two years' time when my Hollywood contract has expired."

"It's time I applied myself seriously to the question of educating young David, who is four. I want him to go to school either in England or in Switzerland. I am particularly anxious that both boys should have the opportunity of learning languages, because I've often wished I had done that myself."

Young David and Jamie, who is nearly two, are in the care of their nurse, Miss Rogers. David, senior, spends most of his time between shots asking where they are and what they are doing.

He has had them installed in his Mayfair flat, but complains: "Even then I hardly see them, because I get up at 5.30 a.m. to leave for the studio and don't get back much before 8 p.m., when they should both be in bed."

"Living in travelling bags is no good for children. They must have a home where they can be brought up like other children."

"Miss Rogers guards them as if they were her own. At the moment she is highly offended with me because I said young David looked like a Japanese general—all teeth and a mile-wide grin."

One morning, after losing a battle with the executives who are making "Bonnie Prince Charlie," David Niven faced his lathered image across the bathroom washbasin and, in a moment of sudden resolve, applied the razor to his famous moustache. It vanished before he could change his mind.

"I locked myself up for two days after that," he told me, fingering his smooth upper lip, with a faraway look. "When I emerged I felt peculiarly naked, but nobody showed any sympathy for my condition."

"In fact, nobody seemed to notice I had gone. Film-makers are unfeeling brutes."

Dressed in a long blue swagger coat, blue knee breeches, blue hose, and a blond peruke, David was talking to me outside the sliding door leading on to the set—a strategic position and one of the few places there where the lungs could be filled with fresh autumn air.

Inside, the workmen were spraying fog all over a heather-covered hillside.

David can still be irrepressibly gay. He has regained a lot of his old insouciance and is still the prime practical joker at parties he attends.

He does not forget the friends of his threadbare days—friends he made when he was involved in a revolution in Cuba; friends he knew while he was driving a luxury truck in New York; folk who befriended him while he was still listed on Hollywood's casting bureau as "English Type Number 1981."

He writes a tremendous number of letters, and even as I spoke to him he asked a messenger to post off a note to his old pal, Bob Coote, who inhabits their former bachelor home, "Clirrhosis On Sea"—named "in honor of an illustrious hangover."

Bob toured Australia well before the war with the "No, No, Nanette" company," he said.

"He keeps telling me it is a marvellous place, and why don't I go there?"

"Well, you never know—maybe after I come back to England... I am getting a bit lary these days. That's why I don't think I'll go in for the hurry-burly of free-lancing and haggling over each picture, but will sign up another longish-term contract."

"No, I don't know whom I'll be signing up with in England. To tell you the truth," he smiled, dropping his voice, and giving a profound wink, "I am fiddling around a bit."

David considers that while stars will bargain like carpet vendors with producers anxious to cast them in roles in which they have little interest, there are some pictures the conscientious actor would make for nothing if necessary.

"One of these was 'Rachael Mother,' in which I starred with Ginger Rogers," he said. "Garnet Kanin, who, I think, is one of Hollywood's most brilliant directors, worked it out that his salary, combined with mine, came to less than the cameraman's."

"Yet it was worth it, for we enjoyed making it."

"It is the same with 'Bonnie Prince Charlie.' But this time it is the Chancellor of the Exchequer who gets the lion's share."

## Film Reviews

### ★★★★ IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

**A**CTOR James Stewart and director Frank Capra have teamed up again for Stewart's first postwar film, produced by Liberty Films and released by RKO. Fans have reason to be grateful, as one of the most charming, human-interest yarns is the result, with Jimmy showing an added maturity to his well-known engaging personality.

Story told in flashback shows that what had appeared to be a pretty useless sort of life to a disillusioned man of thirty really was well worth while.

Stewart, partnered perfectly by lovely Donna Reed, has the able support of Lionel Barrymore as a crusty banker, Henry Travers as a sort of angel, Thomas Mitchell as a cheerful drunk, and a long cast—Regent; showing

### ★★★★ CROSS FIRE

**F**IRST of a probable list of films dealing with the difficult question of anti-Semitism, this RKO release is courageous and handled objectively by producer Adrian Scott and director Edward Dmytryk.

The cast is headed by Robert Young, Robert Mitchell, and Robert Ryan, and the story is in the form of a thriller.

A Jewish former G.I. with a fine war record is murdered by a racially intolerant soldier. The search for the killer is led by Young and Mitchell as a detective and an Army sergeant.

No punches are pulled, and the horrible results of racial hatred are sharply defined. Gloria Grahame's effort as a dance-hall girl is excellent.—Empire; showing

### ★★★★ WHILE THE SUN SHINES

**S**TARTLINGLY like his famous father, in looks and voice, Ronald Howard has his first big film role in Terence Rattigan's comedy, but Ronald has a long way to go before he can approach the charm and skill of the late Leslie Howard.

BEP release the screen version of the bright yarn about the titled Waaf who becomes tangled up with an American just before her wedding to an English earl who is only a naval rating.

The part of Elizabeth is brightly played by Barbara White, who will be remembered for her delightful

performance in "Quiet Week-end." Bonaro Colleano, Jun., is the American, and priceless Margaret Rutherford makes a welcome reappearance in a character role.—Victory; showing

### ★★ THE UNFINISHED DANCE

**T**O Australian eyes the lavish ballet settings of MGM's technicolor drama are startling. We aren't used to this sort of thing for ballet, though some of the scenes arranged by David Lichine suggest musical comedy more than classic dancing.

The film has several other intriguing aspects. There is young Margaret O'Brien in a semi-"meanie" role bobbing about in ballet shoes.

There are no romantic clinches even at the final fade-out, and the hero (if any) is a drawling-voiced, unphotogenic, clever comedian called Danny Thomas.

Lovely newcomer Karin Booth and former ballerina Cyd Charisse, both in dancing roles, are a good contrast to each other.

MGM's corps de ballet is seen to advantage with the principals in several effective though unorthodox versions of famous ballets.—Liberty; showing M.A.B.

### ★★ WYOMING

**R**EPUBLIC have turned out a good Western starring Vera Ralston, John Carroll, and William Elliott.

Directed by Joseph Kane, the story is set in the period when owners of big ranches were threatened by the "squatters" of those days. Elliott as a ranch owner and Vera Ralston as his daughter both give above-average performances. Since Miss Ralston gave up ice-skating on the films and took to drama in a big way she has improved greatly. John Carroll is a satisfactory hero.

There are plenty of hard-riding and shooting sequences to please the Western fans.—Capitol; showing

### ★★ MEN OF TWO WORLDS

**I**T took three years to produce this expensive GBD technicolor release dealing with the problems of darkest Africa, and the delay is reflected in the finished product.

Stars are Phyllis Calvert and Eric Portman, and many of the scenes were shot in Tanganyika under wartime conditions, which lifted the cost to mammoth proportions.

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

The story appears to emphasize that African natives are best left to their own devices, even when an honest attempt is made to relieve the death toll from tse-tse fly fever.

Miss Calvert is an English woman doctor and Portman the District Commissioner who join forces against the ignorance of the natives. Best performance is that of negro Robert Adams, who returns to his tribe after an English education.

Mob scenes, including tribal dances, beating of tom-toms, and riots in the jungle, are well depicted.—Embassy; showing

### ★★ THIS MAN IS MINE

**O**NLY a British studio could have turned out this comedy of manners, and only evergreen Tom Walls could use his dry wit and Rabelaisian twinkle of the eye to such good effect.

He is well supported by perky young comedienne Glynis Johns and debonair Hugh McDermott.

Reginald Beckwith's wartime play "A Soldier for Christmas" has been smartly adapted by Columbia.

In some scenes the film is amusingly risqué.

Tom Walls is head of an English family who entertain a Canadian soldier for Christmas.

Billed in the home is Service-girl Millie, the former housemaid.

She competes with the daughter of the house (Nova Pilbeam) for the attention of the soldier.—State; showing

### ★ BUCK PRIVATES COME HOME

**S**IX years ago the comedy team of Abbott and Costello turned out a comedy riot in "Buck Privates." Their postwar sequel for Universal International is in much the same mood and will delight their fans.

As returning G.I. men who smuggle a French moppet (Beverly Ann Simmons) into U.S.A., and then have to fight to keep the child from deportation the boys are in fine fettle.

Highlight of the show is a mad chase in which Costello drives a midget car to evade the police.—Lyocum; showing

## Stars show new talent as designers

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

**T**WO young Hollywood actresses have gone into trade—Maureen O'Sullivan, who designs, carves, and paints rocking-horses, and Jane Russell, who is designing play shoes for women.

Maureen has turned her attic into a workshop for her daily painting sessions, during which she manages to tear herself away from her four children.

Her rocking-horses are sold in Gail Patrick's children's shop.

She is giving one to Betty Hutton, whose second child will be born early next year, and will keep another for her own fifth child which she expects soon.

Jane Russell already has several types of shoes ready for marketing. Sandals with the owner's initials tooled into bright leather are one line.

Jane calls her shoes "Calamity Jones" after the character she portrays in Bob Hope's newest film, "Pale Face."

**S**USAN PETERS' book "Chin Up," which is about the philosophy which helped her to overcome a paralysis handicap after her shooting accident three years ago, has gone to press to be ready for Christmas distribution.

**S**IGHT of the week was Hedy Lamarr swimming in a pool surrounded by four children. She introduced them as Jaime, her nine-year-old adopted son, and Danielle, who is the daughter of Hedy's former husband, John Loder, and his first wife, Micheline Cheirel.

Then there were Hedy's and John's own daughter Denise, aged two, and their six-months baby son Tony.

Young Danielle Loder was named for her godmother, the French actress Danielle Darrieux. She will make her film debut in Clark Gable's next film, "Honorcoming."

Danielle has an important role and is following the footsteps of her mother, who has just completed a part in Columbia's "Crime Doctor's Gamble."

**PEGGY CUMMINS'** mother is off to Ireland to bring her eighty-year-old mother by air to Hollywood.

**ROBERT MITCHUM** grinned happily as he set off on location for a jaunt to Oregon with the crew of the picture "Rachel," in which he co-stars with Loretta Young.

While other cast members were grumbling about leaving home he was sketching two new rooms to be added to his home in Oregon.

On days off between scenes Bob will build the rooms on to his vacation house.

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## Film romance teams . . .



• Tim Holt, son of veteran actor Jack Holt, has the romantic lead in RKO's Zane Grey Western "Thunder Mountain." He has newcomer Martha Mier, promising young actress from Texas, as his leading lady. Tim looks like his father.



• Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea, who were a popular co-starring team some years ago, appear together again in "Ramrod," an Enterprise production. Veronica has always wanted to play in a Western.



• Robert Mitchum and Jane Greer portray a pair of ill-fated lovers in their first co-starring drama for RKO, "Out of the Past." Mitchum is one of Hollywood's busiest and most capable actors of the rugged "he-man" type.



• Gregory Peck and English star Ann Todd will be seen in Australia in the Selznick film "The Paradine Case," which was made in America after Ann had been sent specially to Hollywood. She now is back in England.



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**1 UNCONSCIOUS RIVALS.** Marguerite Patourel (Donna Reed) and sister Marianne (Lana Turner) are attracted by William (Richard Hart) when he and his father visit their home in Channel Islands.



**2 LETTER FROM WILLIAM** after he settles in New Zealand asks for hand of Marianne. She is delighted and Marguerite tries to hide her disappointment at choice.



**3 ARRIVAL OF MARIANNE** in New Zealand for wedding ceremony horrifies William, who had made mistake in sister's name in letter, but decides to have wedding.



**4 AMBITION FOR FUTURE** makes Marianne ignore unhappiness of her marriage, and helped by William's friend, Haslam (Van Heflin), she assists in managing their timber business.



**5 SUDDEN EARTHQUAKE** ruins Marianne's home during William's absence on business trip. Haslam rescues her and her daughter is born.

### GREEN DOLPHIN STREET

**ELIZABETH GOUDGE** won MGM's first 175,000-dollar annual prize in 1946 for the best novel suitable for filming. "Green Dolphin Street" moves in a 10-year period from the Channel Islands to New Zealand in the middle 19th century. Among its colorful scenes are an earthquake, the sinking of the sailing ship Green Dolphin in a tidal wave, and a Maori uprising.

Lana Turner dyed her hair dark brown for the role of the domineering and ruthless Marianne Patourel, Hollywood's new discovery. Richard Hart, a recruit from the stage, plays opposite her. Director of the film is Victor Saville.



**6 ATTACK BY MAORIS** results in William, Marianne, and their daughter being taken prisoners. They are given freedom after Haslam uses his influence with the natives to save their lives.



**7 LOOKING AHEAD,** Marianne decides that family will move to South Island of New Zealand to raise sheep. Haslam refuses to accompany them because of his love for Marianne which he confesses to her before she leaves.



**8 AT PARENTS' HOME** years later, Marianne finds truth of William's mistake over wedding and offers freedom.

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## New colors in the sun . . .

HERE are new colors for the beach this year, clear, pure colors that stand out brilliantly against the sea. Eye-catching vermilion reds, the brightest, crispest yellows you can think of, electric turquoise. For greater brilliance these colors are allied with stark white. Then there are the most flattering pastels, every shade

of soft pink, mauve, and green. Use three or four powdery pastel shades together with orchid-pink, hyacinth, pastel green, or yellow, the loveliest combination against a honey-colored suntan. Wear stripes, spots, and plaids, particularly plaids, on the beach and you can't go wrong. These drawings are by visiting English fashion artist Bridget Driscoll.

● Orchid-pink linen is first choice for a beach shirt with low-slit open front, long, loose sleeves, and slit sides, to wear over your swimsuit, as shown below.



● Long sloppy-joe sweater in turquoise jersey is worn over white gabardine slacks, above, and is topped with a beach coat of smart finger-tip length, in multi-colored stripes.



● One bare shoulder is attractive in this cotton knit top, above, and neckline is outlined with the same color as the tomato-red pedal-pushers. Large coolie hat wards off too much sun and looks charming.

● Two-piece swimsuit at right is made from attractive cotton scarves in red, white, and black hand-blocked design, with an extra matching one to tie loosely round your hair.



● The cotton plaid playsuit above is in acid-yellow and green, has an oval drawstring neckline, and buttons up the front.



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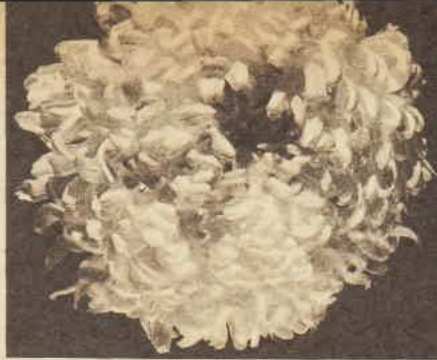
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## Chrysanthemums pay dividends

By OUR HOME GARDENER

FEW perennial plants return such regular dividends as does the garden chrysanthemum.

If you plant your "capital" in the right place (an open sunny position where the soil is well drained and of good quality), there's no more profitable investment than a well-selected chrysanthemum.

But there the resemblance to ordinary financial investment ends, for if you leave the chrysanthemum dividends to accumulate (if you don't cash them in—so to speak)

you soon lose not only dividends but principal stock as well.

Tossing all capitalistic similes overboard, the natural increase of a good garden chrysanthemum is so great that annual division is usually advisable, sometimes essential, for best quality flowers.

And now is the time to lift and divide if the job has not already been done, for the plants are already becoming leggy. And once they grow tall they transplant badly, for they are rather thirsty, prickly subjects to shift.

Lift the clumps with a fork and cut up with a sharp knife, taking all the outside pieces in preference to the old central parts which

carried last season's flowering stems.

The ground should be fertilised with amply rotted manure and some bonedust (not blood and bone), and must be well firmed all round the plants after they have been set out, for the chrysanthemum detests loose soil conditions.

Medium to heavy loam is best for all types of chrysanthemums, but they can be grown in sandy soil if plenty of cow manure and leafmould are added or some heavier soil mixed in well in advance of transplanting.

Cuttings taken from leggy plants now or any time this month will strike readily if set out in the shade in moist sand. Such cuttings often make the best plants if well fed and watered later on.

## Helpful pre-natal knowledge

By SISTER MARY JACOB,  
Our Mothercraft Nurse

MOTHERS who are expecting their first baby are wise to learn as much as they can about babies before the infant is born.

How it grows and develops, how it is nourished, and what foods will provide the best materials for building bone and muscle are details that expectant mothers should know.

A leaflet giving you this information can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney, N.S.W. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.

THE Australian Women's Weekly baby-carrier has been renamed the "Matron Shaw" baby-carrier, and is now being retailed by David Jones at their Elizabeth Street Store, Sydney, N.S.W.



A CHIC LITTLE BONNET for summer parties is made by mounting bouqs and artificial flowers on a bound circle of wire that fits your head, either halo fashion or as shown. Try black moire or velvet bouqs with tiny, dewy gardenias tucked between, or other flowers for special dates.

## TOWARD A CURE FOR T.B. By MEDICO

MRS. STEPHENS' eldest girl has been in hospital for months with tuberculosis.

"Oh, doctor," the mother burst out, coming into my surgery. "Peggy has had a relapse. She was doing so well until a few days ago, and I was making plans for when she came home." The poor woman was almost weeping.

"What hope does this new discovery hold out? Is streptomycin really a cure for T.B.?" she asked.

"That's hard to say yet, Mrs. Stephens. Streptomycin is still in the experimental stage. Work has been going on on it for over three years, and its full development will probably take several years more."

"I was hoping so much that a cure had been found."

"So do we all. A drawback at the moment is the prohibitive cost of streptomycin. It costs hundreds of pounds for the three months' course of treatment at present considered necessary. Prices will come down, of course, as manufacturing methods improve."

Mrs. Stephens sighed. "I see. Thank you, doctor. I read about it somewhere and just thought I'd ask you."

"Yes, it has been given a good deal of publicity as a cure for T.B., but at its present stage of development it seems unwise to raise hopes without good cause. It may be that streptomycin will have its best results in association with other treatments."

"Won't it be wonderful when a drug has been discovered which will wipe out tuberculosis?"

"Discoveries that have already been made have put us in a strong position to control T.B."

The routine chest X-ray of every adult at eighteen years would reduce T.B. at one stroke. The improvement in housing so that overcrowding could be reduced would be another step forward. The yearly chest X-ray of members of a sufferer's family would detect the early cases.

Even if streptomycin had the curative effect we hope it has, these measures would still be the most important items in the programme for control of tuberculosis.

[All names in these articles are fictitious.]



THIS "MIDRIFF CHAIR" was recently exhibited in America. It is upholstered in a grid-weave fabric of chocolate and white, with the chocolate predominating. A moss edging of white frames the chair. Back is rounded with opening at the sides. Legs have brass ferrules on the bottoms.



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The guarantee protects you. **Mendaco**  
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If your dog's coat is dull, loose or ragged—if it has no lustre and he is listless, give him **BARKO** BARKO restores or loses his appetite, gives him Condition Powders BARKO Condition 1/6 ALL CHEMISTS Powders.



## SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2/6 stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to: **DERMATOPATHIC INSTITUTE**, 721-9 Collins St., Melb., C.T. 57823.



## SUNTAN TALK

● If statistics for and against sunning were lined up, they would probably prove that the sun does much more good than harm.

ASSUMING that nobody wants to be a figure in the harm group, let's run a slide-rule over the tanning business, with the idea of reducing the danger hazard.

From the beauty-aid angle, sunbathing, taken in moderation, can be helpful for a poor skin condition.

Gradual exposure for increasing lengths of time, beginning with five minutes and building up the period to twenty minutes, will have a healing effect.

The sun's rays supply vitamin D, which is important for the assimilation of food minerals.

If you want to tan, olive or coconut oil, with two or three drops of vinegar added, usually helps the process.

Keep the skin well moistened, because when it dries sunburning will begin.

As a relief for sunburn a mixture of equal parts of linseed oil and lime-water is worth noting.

Painful sunburn is ruinous to the fine texture of any skin, but the ordinary items of make-up—foundation, powder, and lipstick—act as a protection.

Personally, I do not believe in deep tanning of the skin for women. The unattractive stages of the fading-out process are annoying, and I doubt whether the skin ever has the same translucent quality after a deep tanning.

However, that's a matter for personal choice.

Concerning the how and how long of sunning, there's more than one school of thought. All have one common belief—moderation. These are other general conclusions:

● Expose as much of the body as you choose for ten to fifteen minutes on the first day; increase five minutes daily for two weeks.

● An alternative: Lower legs only on the first day, for 10 minutes. Legs, all the way up, second day (15 minutes). Arms and shoulders, plus the already initiated legs, third day (20 minutes). The rest of you (if you can find privacy) on the fourth day (25 minutes).

● Small fry fry fast. Here's a recommended routine for them: As

a test, expose hands and wrists only the first day, for 10 minutes. Next day, the face too, for ten minutes. Uncover a little more of the youngster each day until it's obviously safe to pare down to little or nothing in the way of sun clothes.

● The caggy method outlined above also applies to the very old, to those physically run down, and to convalescents from illness—all people especially vulnerable.

● Some authorities say you should keep moving about, even aimlessly, for your first few sessions in the sun. That way, all surfaces get some sun.

● Red Light: Certain sections of the body seem to be more sensitive than others; shoulders, knees, shin bones, nose, lower lip, eyelids. Thin-haired girls (and bald men) should watch out for the crown of the head, and it's the smart one who'll wear a bandanna, if not a bonnet.

Color Chart: Redheads and blondes (except golden-skinned ones) are most susceptible to burns. Some brunettes, the white-skinned variety, take it hard, too, because there is not sufficient pigment in the skin to protect it.

Average brunettes, with dark hair and dark skin, have sufficient pigment and consequently don't often have such a tough tussle with a simple sunburn. At least, with the help of a good sun cosmetic, results can be really fetching.

Sleeping Beauty: No man, woman, or child should dream of falling asleep under a high sun. A child should be warned about it—adults should know better. But it is done every day, with assorted unpleasant results.

Have a drink: It's fine for the system and the skin to drink copiously water, fruit or vegetable juice, especially at the beginning of the season. It saves you from getting all dehydrated. But drink before, not during, a sunbath. Downing cold drinks in a hot sun is tricky business.

As the finale—freckles; a bleach will only lighten them temporarily, because they are way down below the skin. The wise thing is prevention—protection of the skin before exposure with cream or lotion. Freckles are often an accompaniment of a delicate skin, and experts do consider them to be an indication of some anaemia for which more blood-building foods are prescribed, the foods that are rich in iron.

By  
**CAROLYN EARLE**  
Our Beauty Expert



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**FORD PILLS**



# They Love a Party

By OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

● Children love a party—whether it's a birthday party or one arranged because you feel party minded. They're never too young to learn to entertain friends.

**P**REPARING for a children's party takes time, but small faces alight with pleasure make it well worth while. The birthday cake—if it is to be a birthday party—need not be elaborate or expensive, but gay with colorful icing.

For the very young a rainbow sponge or a light butter cake is best. For those a little older the light fruit-cake suggested on this page is ideal.

Add to the fun by providing food which is definitely party fare.

Make it bright and colorful as well as good to eat... You'll give the children pleasant memories which will linger long after the food has disappeared!

## BIRTHDAY CAKE

Six ounces margarine or butter, 6oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, grated rind of 1 small orange and 1 small lemon, 3 eggs, 8oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 12oz. mixed fruits, 2 tablespoons finely minced peel, 3 tablespoons milk.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar, fruit rinds, and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beating well. Sift flour, salt, baking powder, spice, and nutmeg. Use half to flour the fruit. Add balance to creamed mixture alternately with floured fruit and milk. Turn into paper-lined 7in. round tin. Bake 2½ to 3 hours in very moderate oven (325deg. F.). Allow to cool in tin, store 2 or 3 days before icing and decorating.

## BIRTHDAY CAKE ICING

**Foundation Icing:** One pound icing sugar, 3oz. fine white bread-crumbs, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg-yolk, 3 dessertspoons orange juice.

Sift icing sugar and mix thoroughly with the breadcrumbs. Add orange rind. Beat egg-yolk, add lemon juice, orange juice, vanilla; add to dry ingredients. Mix to a stiff paste with the hands. Turn on to board dusted with icing sugar, roll to fit cake. Brush surface of cake with white of egg or warmed apricot jam. Cover with icing, moulding smoothly over surface of cake with the hands.

**Covering Icing:** Three-quarters pound icing sugar, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, few drops lemon juice, green coloring.

Sift icing sugar thoroughly, place in basin. Warm milk and butter until butter is melted. Add gradually to icing sugar, beat to a smooth spreading consistency—mixture may not require all the liquid. Add flavoring and coloring, spread over cake using a broad-bladed, flexible knife dipped in warm water to smooth the surface. Allow to set, decorate as desired.

## RAINBOW RIBBON SANDWICHES

Twelve slices sandwich bread, softened butter, 1 cup chopped dates, squeeze lemon juice, 2 tablespoons chopped peanuts, 3 tablespoons grated carrot, 1 tablespoon

**PARTY FARE** to delight the heart of any child: Rainbow ribbon sandwiches, peaches-n-apricots, goblin cup-cakes, fruit salad in orange cases, and a birthday cake, of course—complete with candles.

thick white sauce, salt to taste, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Arrange bread in groups of three slices; spread underside of top slice, both sides of middle slice, and upper side of bottom slice thinly with butter. Place dates in a small saucepan with lemon juice, stir over low heat until spreading consistency. Add peanuts, cool. Combine carrot, cheese, white sauce, and salt. Spread bottom slice with date mixture, place middle slice on top. Spread with cheese and carrot mixture, place third slice on top. Cut into finger-lengths and arrange on serving plate. Crusts may be removed if liked.

## GOBLIN CUP CAKES

**Cake Mixture:** Four ounces margarine or butter, 4oz. castor sugar, vanilla, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beating well. Add milk alternately with sifted flour and salt. Half fill greased patty-tins, bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 10 to 12 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler.

**Decoration:** One pound sugar, 1oz.

gelatine, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup cold water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, small quantity warm chocolate icing.

Soak gelatine in the cold water, add to sugar and boiling water in large saucepan. Boil steadily 20 minutes. Pour into large basin, cool, add flavorings. Beat until thick and white. Pour into wetted slab-tins, allow to set. Turn out on to grease-proof paper dusted with icing sugar. Cut circles; pipe eyes, eyebrows, nose, and mouth with warm chocolate icing. Melt remaining marshmallow, flavor with chocolate. When beginning to set again, coat small cakes and set goblin in position on top of each.

## APRICOTS-N-PEACHES

**Cake Mixture:** Four ounces margarine or butter, 4oz. castor sugar, vanilla, 2 eggs, 5 tablespoons milk, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

**Decoration:** Two tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon water, pink coloring, yellow coloring, castor sugar, yellow jelly crystals, dates, small quantity apricot or peach jam, peach and apricot leaves.

**Cake Mixture:** Beat margarine or

butter to a cream with sugar and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beat well. Add sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Half fill hot greased gem-irons. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) 10 to 12 minutes. Turn out, cool. Trim tops of cakes so that 2 cakes when joined together will make a complete circle. Press half a date into one portion of cake to represent seed. Brush cut sides of both portions with warmed apricot or peach jam, press together.

**Decoration:** Brush one side of half the cakes lightly with pink coloring. Boil the 2 tablespoons sugar and the water to a thick syrup. Brush surface of all cakes lightly with the syrup. Roll the peaches (those colored pink) in castor sugar; roll the apricots in yellow jelly crystals. Decorate with leaves.

## HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS

Two ounces margarine or butter, vanilla, 1oz. castor sugar, 1 egg, 4oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 extra tablespoon sugar, pink and green coloring, hundreds and thousands.

Cream butter or margarine thoroughly with vanilla and sugar.

Beat in egg-yolk, add sifted flour, baking powder, and salt, making a dry mixture. Turn on to floured board, roll thinly. Whip egg-whites to meringue consistency with extra sugar, flavor with vanilla. Color half pink, half green. Spread over rolled mixture, pink on one half, green on the other. Sprinkle liberally with hundreds and thousands. Cut into finger-lengths, place on greased tray. Bake 10 to 15 minutes in moderate oven (350deg. F.). Allow to cool on tin.

## FRUIT CUP

One medium pineapple, 3 lemons, 3 oranges, 2 quarts water, 1 cup sugar, 4 passionfruit, lemonade.

Peel and grate pineapple. Place pineapple skin, grated rind of oranges and lemons into a large saucepan with sugar, water, and 1 of the grated pineapple pulp. Bring slowly to the boil, simmer 20 minutes. Strain and cool. Add strained orange and lemon juice, passionfruit pulp, and balance of grated pineapple. Chill. When serving, half fill glasses with fruit-cup, fill up with lemonade. Sufficient to serve 12 to 15 children.





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blotchy skins and unsightly, pimply faces are nearly always caused by the lack of Vitamins B1 and B2 in the modern diet. In the processing of over-refined foods, the health-giving vitamins are lost. Yeaston, which is pure active yeast, in highly concentrated tablet form, is one of the richest known sources of Vitamins B1 and B2. To rid yourself of those unsightly pimples, buy a bottle of Yeaston Tablets, take 2 or 3 three times a day, and see how quickly your skin will become clear and radiant. Yeaston is beneficial in a number of other conditions, too. It is wonderfully effective in relieving Boils, Abscesses and Carbuncles, Indigestion, Nervous Debility, Fatigue, Children's upset stomachs, Prolapsed, Blood disorders, etc. Maintain your good health and guard against vitamin deficiency diseases by regularly taking Yeaston—pure yeast in concentrated tablet form. At Chemists and Stores.

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# All are better in



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Our illustrations on this page show Masonite used for exterior walls, interior panelling, floors, cupboards, flush doors and furniture—just a few of the ways "the wonder board of 1,000 uses" can help you to improve your home.

## EXTERIOR WALLS

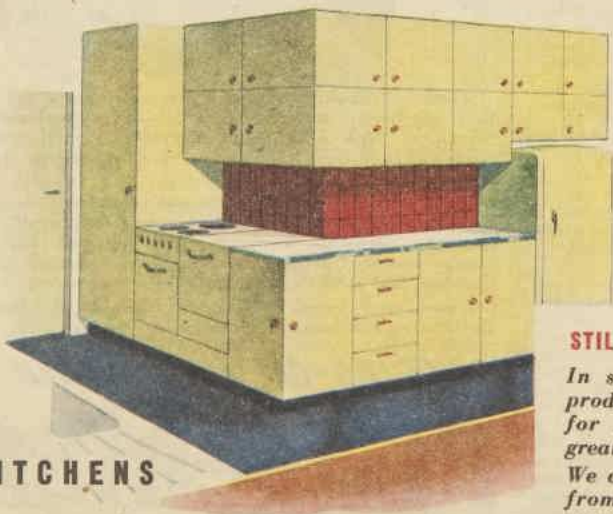
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